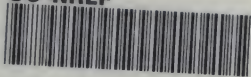


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ALONZO QUIXANO

OTHERWISE

# DON QUIXOTE

A DRAMATIZATION OF THE  
NOVEL OF CERVANTES AND  
ESPECIALLY OF THOSE PARTS  
WHICH HE LEFT UNWRITTEN

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By  
G. E. MORRISON

LONDON ELKIN MATHEWS  
VIGO STREET ONE SHILLING NET



ALONZO QUIXANO,  
OTHERWISE  
DON QUIXOTE.

"A comedy to him who thinks,  
A tragedy to him who feels."





ALONZO QUIXANO,

OTHERWISE

DON QUIXOTE.

A

DRAMATIZATION OF THE NOVEL OF CERVANTES, <sup>M</sup>  
AND ESPECIALLY OF THOSE PARTS WHICH  
HE LEFT UNWRITTEN,

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LONDON :

ELKIN MATHEWS

VIGO STREET.

*One Shilling Net.*

[1895?]



PQ6323

A9M67

**Dedication.**

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO  
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,  
THAN WHOM (SINCE IT HAS NO PICTURES)  
IT CAN HAVE NO SEVERER CRITIC.



## CHARACTERS.

SIGNOR QUIXANO, *Otherwise Don Quixote.*

SANCHO PANZA.

NICHOLAS, *A barber-surgeon.*

THE PRIEST.

## ERRATA.

Page 15, last line but one, for "between an uncle who" read "where an uncle."

Page 28, line 12, for "house" read "horse."

Page 64, 11 lines from bottom; page 66, line 10; and page 81, line 6, for "Now" read "How."

Page 90, line 8 from bottom, for "niminis" read "minimis."

ALTISIDORA, *Lady-in-waiting on the Duchess.*

MARAQUITA, *A village girl.*

HOUSEKEEPER.

*Drinkers (men and women), Carriers, Duennas, Ladies-in-waiting, Silk Merchants, Benedictine Monks, Members of the Holy Brotherhood, Kitchen Wenches, Pages, Couriers, Servants, Litigants, Guards, etc.*



## CHARACTERS.

SIGNOR QUIXANO, *Otherwise Don Quixote.*

SANCHO PANZA.

NICHOLAS, *A barber-surgeon.*

THE PRIEST.

PALAMEQUE, *An innkeeper.*

BARNABAS, *A peasant.*

THE DUKE.

DON MIGUEL, *The Duke's Chancellor.*

ECCLESIASTIC,

PHYSICIAN,

STUDENT,

STEWARD.

} *Attached to the Duke's Palace.*

PUPPET-SHOWMAN,

WARDER OF CONVICTS,

SILK MERCHANT,

BENEDICTINE MONKS,

MILLER'S BOY.

} *Quixote's victims.*

OFFICER OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

ANTONIA, *Quixano's niece.*

THE DUCHESS.

RODRIGUEZ, *Duenna to the Duchess.*

ALTISIDORA, *Lady-in-waiting on the Duchess.*

MARAQUITA, *A village girl.*

HOUSEKEEPER.

*Drinkers (men and women), Carriers, Duennas, Ladies-in-waiting, Silk Merchants, Benedictine Monks, Members of the Holy Brotherhood, Kitchen Wenches, Pages, Couriers, Servants, Litigants, Guards, etc.*





ACT I.

*Room in Quixano's house.*

*Time: Late afternoon. Summer.*

ACT II.

*Courtyard of the Holy Cross Inn.*

*Time: Early night.*

*(A month is supposed to elapse between Acts II. and III.)*

ACT III.

*The Duke's Pleasaunce.*

*Time: Noon.*

*(A fortnight is supposed to elapse between Acts III. and IV.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. . . . *A Hall at the old Castle.*

SCENE II. . . . *Quixano's Vineyard.*



## P R E F A C E.

WITHIN the last few days almost every dramatic critic has, in some form or other, asserted that the book we know as "Don Quixote" cannot be dramatised. No doubt these critics believe they are agreed for once, and are puzzled—some of them, perhaps, a little pained—at their unanimity. And they *are* agreed as far as they go, only they do not go far enough. A little ahead lies a distinction which would relieve them from their unpleasantly cramped position.

For the critic who says, "You cannot make a play of the "Adventures of Don Quixote," and the critic who says, "You cannot dramatisé the story of Don Quixote" are *not* agreed, however much they may think they are. The first is right; the second is wrong.

"How, then," it may be asked, "comes it that no successful adaptation has yet been made?" I think the question admits of a simple answer. All previous adaptations of which I have any knowledge may be divided into three classes:—

(a) Those in which there is no attempt at a plot, but only a stringing together of Quixote's adventures as related by Cervantes;

(b) Those in which the plot is taken from one or more of the various stories or side episodes (*e.g.* those of Marcella, Dorothea, "The Curious Impertinent," "The Captive's Story," "The Nuptials of Basilius") to be found in the book;

(c) Those into which a plot is imported from some entirely foreign source.

(a) To the general public, who depend on John Tenniel for their knowledge of Cervantes, this class of play would most nearly represent the book. But it is, in truth, the least adequate of all. For the "Adventures" (including in that expression the practical jokes played upon Quixote by the Duke and others) form a very small part of the book. There are only a score or so of them in 531 pages (Globe edition). And to one who knows the book and values it aright the importance of the "Adventures" is over- rather than under-represented by the above figures. A play of this nature is doomed to failure, not only because the dramatic form, whether for stage or study, demands not a mere succession, but a progression of incidents, but because the "Adventures" are in themselves neither dramatically nor theatrically effective. Take, for example, Quixote's fight with the pump in the Lyceum version. Mr. Irving's upbraiding the pump for observing a churlish silence under challenge is middling-pleasant fooling, but at his first blow we are disgusted. He falls at once to the level of a "knock-about artist"; and, what is worse, drags Quixote down with him. Such a conflict may be good "business" for the actor; it is certainly not pleasure for any spectator to whom Quixote is more than, say, the hero of "Happy Thoughts." This incident is, I know, not in Cervantes, but is good as an illustration. The adventure of the wind-mills itself would fare no better on the stage. The "knock-about artist" would at best only give way to the "trapeze-artist"; and in the danger of the thing we should entirely forget Cervantes and Quixote in anxiety for Mr. Irving if he took the air himself, or in disappointment if he modestly retired in favour of a dummy.

Moreover, plays of this class (and this remark applies with but slight qualification to plays of the other classes mentioned) must depend for their interest purely on Quixote's *imaginary* relations. And imaginary relations have of and by themselves no dramatic value whatsoever. Madness becomes dramatically effective only when the threefold contrast between what the madman is doing, what he thinks he is doing, and *what he would do were he sane* is dramatic. Quixote's destruction of the wine-skins under the delusion that they are giants' heads is not dramatic. It may amuse, but it can move nobody but the landlord. Why? Because were Quixote sane he would have left them alone; that is all. But suppose that at the time of the destruction Quixote was dying of thirst, and that in them but for his madness he would have found his salvation, and the incident becomes dramatic at once. In short, to move us Quixote's extravagancies and errors must, while indicating his imaginary relations, affect his real ones—those which were all in all to him before his madness, and will be so again as soon as it has passed off.

(*b*) Here the dramatist through his unenlightened conscientiousness does Cervantes a double injury. Denying himself the use of any narrative not to be found in the book, he sets about expanding, say, "The Curious Impertinent" or the story of Dorothea. Quixote's connection with the former is that he was sleeping in one part of the inn while the landlord was reading it aloud in another. Dorothea he does meet in the book. But when they meet her story is all but over, and he has not travelled far with his princess, as he believes her to be, before she falls in with her lover, and there is an end of it. Give Quixote what share you will in her fortunes, you cannot make her story his; and to attempt to do so you must first distort her story

to make room for him, and then disfigure his character in order that he may not take up too much room. For it is equally opposed to his true character that he should be a mere loafer, a man on the premises, doing a turn now and again, but taking no part in helping matters forward, and that he should take a *serviceable* interest in the affairs of those around him. He is branded with futility from the first, and must be shorn of his strength and his eyes be put out before he can be set to grind corn for the Philistines.

(c) Little need be said of this class of adaptation. Possibly Cervantes had sufficient grasp and mastery of Quixote's character to be able to transplant him without danger in an entirely different soil, where his character would work out dramatically. No one else has succeeded in so doing.

There is, however, a fourth method of adaptation, as yet, I believe, untried. Let us see what the story of Quixote really is, apart from Cervantes' special treatment of it. It may be briefly stated thus :—

“There once lived in a certain village in Spain a small landed gentleman of the name of Alonzo Quixano. ‘Quixano the Good’ his neighbours called him, for he was pure, humane, charitable. With him there lived his niece Antonia.

“Late in life he took to reading books of chivalry. These so engrossed him that he neglected his affairs, and even parted with his possessions, right and left, to buy more. At length they turned his brain, for his simple mind accepted as true the wrongs of which he read, while his heart yearned to redress them. And so the day came when, leaving Antonia, then a girl of nineteen, he sallied forth as a knight-errant.

“His madness led him into many ridiculous adventures, which his righteousness as little prevented his victims

avenging as it prevented others from ministering to his madness that he might make them sport. After he had done much harm and suffered more, a friend sought him out, and pretending to be another knight, challenged him to battle. Quixano was defeated, and a vow of abstention from chivalry imposed upon him. Broken-hearted, he returned home to Antonia. His delusions left him, but with them went his life."

Such is the story. Yet how many of those who meet every optimistic project with the objection that it is "Quixotic" would recognise it? There is good reason for their not recognising it. Cervantes did not write the whole story; it was no part of his design to do so. His treatment was partial, special; his object was topical, local, temporary; his aim was to laugh chivalry out of Spain three hundred years ago. Had he done nothing more, his book would have died with its success. But chivalry is dead, and the book lives, not in Spain alone, but all over the world. And how comes this? Because, though Cervantes sat down with no thought but that of recording the pranks of an elderly lunatic, he did not rise till he had created the Christ of fiction.

I have therefore taken Quixote's character as my one central fact. I have adopted his story *in toto*, not asking whether Cervantes, true to his scheme of ridicule, has omitted or suppressed this fact or that. I have modified no principal character, and have developed only one—that of Antonia. In the book she is colourless (how colourless by the side of Thereza Panza!) and rightly so. I develop her character on natural lines. I assume that there was between Quixote and herself that affection one expects to find between an uncle who, having a housekeeper already, adopts a niece. And in their mutual love I find that sane

fixed point from which the growing tragedy of his madness, his wanderings from his one true care and duty, may be measured.

A few words as to the character of Quixote, and I have done. The Quixote I attempt to reproduce is not the Quixote Cervantes started with, but the Quixote he finished with. There is a great difference between the man who fasts on Fridays and is flatulent on Saturdays (*vide* p. 1) and the man who, disillusioned and dying, declares himself no longer Don Quixote, but "Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair and honest life, was pleased to surname the Good." And this difference cannot be accounted for by the change which took place in Cervantes' attitude towards his hero as he came to know him better, any more than it can be accounted for by the theory that Cervantes intended to show how generous errors justly held may ennoble a man. The change, too, affects the character, nay imperils the very existence, of Dulcinea. She begins by being a peasant woman and ends by being an abstraction.

With these remarks I submit my play to the public. I am conscious that the defect, most annoying to a reader, of its having been written for the stage, is not its only defect. It is, for one thing, too sombre; but it is at least reverential, and remembering the paltry and degraded uses to which Quixote has been so often put, I am not without hope that those who share my reverence will forgive my errors.

G. E. MORRISON.

LONDON, *May 10th*, 1895.

P.S.—I wish to acknowledge that I have taken three metaphors from an old book of devotions, and one incident from the life of Carlyle.



## ACT I.

*Scene : Room in QUIXANO'S house. The room is handsome and antique, the furniture the same, but showing signs of wear. On the panelled walls are hanging old trophies of the chase and some rusty arms and armour. At back is a recess with casement overlooking the courtyard, the room being on the upper floor. This window looks west, and the time being late afternoon, the sunset is seen through it at end of Act. There are two doors L. and one R. The PRIEST is sitting in centre surrounded by a litter of old books, which he is examining one by one and dividing into two heaps. NICHOLAS is engaged screwing up the door of the book closet which is R. Over it a curtain runs. The HOUSEKEEPER is standing by the PRIEST with her apron ready to receive books.*

PRIEST. (*Giving her books.*) These I deliver into thy hands, Mistress Housekeeper, or, as I might say, to the secular arm of the church. To the stake with them.

HOUSE. That will I. But, Signor Licentiate, the stairs are steep, and their creaking may awake my master, when all would be undone. May I not throw these out of the casement ?

PRIEST. So they fail not of the fire it is enough.

(*Examines books, while HOUSEKEEPER throws her books out of casement and then exit L.*) "The Adventures of that

most Illustrious Knight, Amadis of Greece." Rather than not burn this I would burn the father who begot me were I to meet him in the shape of a knight-errant. Ah! "Tirante the White"! Verily this is, in its way, the best book in the world. For, as I remember, here the knights sleep and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths, with several things which are not to be found in any other book of knight-errantry. Still for writing so many foolish things—"The Knight of the Cross." It is a common saying that the devil lurks behind the cross.

(HOUSEKEEPER *re-enters with a bowl of water and a bunch of hyssop.*)

HOUSE. Signor Licentiate!

PRIEST. Ay, but what hast thou there?

HOUSE. 'Tis holy water, so please your reverence. Take it, Signor Licentiate, and sprinkle the room with it, lest some of the many enchanters those books abound with enchant us as a punishment for our intention to banish them from the world.

PRIEST. Pah! Thou art as crazy as thy master. Put that aside, and throw these on the bonfire.

(*She takes books and throws them out of casement.*)

Ah! "Amadis de Gaul in four volumes!" I have heard it said that this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and therefore as the head of so pernicious a sect—  
Mistress Housekeeper.

(*She comes down and picks up books, she is about to take also a heap of small books.*)

Nay, take not those; they are books not of chivalry, but of poetry,—of genius and fancy which do injury to none.

HOUSE. Pray burn all of them, your reverence. They are all mischief-makers! And should my poor master be cured of his distemper of chivalry, he may, by reading

such books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe, or, what is worse, turn poet, which they say is an incurable and contagious disease.

PRIEST. Nay, an that be our friend's humour, it were well to remove this rock of offence from his path. Have thy way, Mistress Housekeeper, have thy way.

*(Rises and brushes his fingers together.)*

HOUSE. That will I with all my heart.

*(Takes smaller volumes and throws them out of window.)*

PRIEST. Well, Nicholas, I have held inquisition on the books whilst thou art still at work on the book closet.

NICH. I have all but finished, Signor Licentiate.

PRIEST. And right well hast thou done thy work! What with thy painting, plugging, planing and puttying, not a madman only, but the sanest might doubt that ever a book closet were there. It is as I would have it. Draw the curtain over the door.

*(NICHOLAS rises and does so.)*

HOUSE. *(Coming down from casement out of which she has thrown the last of the books.)* Hither comes my mistress. I fear she may not approve the burning of her uncle's books.

PRIEST. Thou needst not fear her blame; if she have any blame, it will fall not on thee or Nicholas—who are, as I might say, but my instruments in the matter—but on me, the designer and contriver of all.

HOUSE. Ay, but if my master ask me what has befallen his books and closet?

PRIEST. How poor is thy understanding! Thy master, finding his closet gone, will ascribe it to one of those enchantments on which his mind so runs.

HOUSE. But if he do not, and tax me?

PRIEST. Then shalt thou bear in mind the counsel of Solomon, and answer a fool according to his folly. I mean, that if he do not of himself spring to enchantment, thou shalt hint and lead him thither, with a word or two of fire, and smoke, and dragons. The story may not satisfy him hereafter, when he has come to his senses (as come he must, the food of his fever—I mean the books—being taken away); but with his senses will come approval of our action.

(*Enter ANTONIA, R., as from walking.*)

ANT. Good morrow, Signor Licentiate.  
Good morrow, Nicholas. (*To HOUSE.*): Hath my uncle risen?

HOUSE. We have not heard him stir.  
(*Exit L. with hyssop and holy water and NICHOLAS'S tools.*)

ANT. You are well come;  
Friends ever dear in grief are doubly dear,  
And doubly, doubly dear when the shared grief  
Grows shallow to the fathoming of hope.  
I know his betterment joys you to hear  
As much as me to speak it.

PRIEST. Lady, we did not come alone to hear  
But to ensure his welfare.

ANT. How say you?  
It cannot be that in my hour of absence  
His malady hath mounted to the height  
Of bleeding and anointing of the lips.

PRIEST. Nay, fear not, Signorina; he is well;  
We come not in our calling, but as friends.  
Good Nicholas brings with him no lance or basin,  
Nor bring I unction. Still have we bled him truly,  
And I, as I might say, have to his eyes  
Administered the last office of our church—  
Closed them for ever to a world of evil.

ANT. I pray thee, sir, speak not to me in riddles ;  
Tell me his good or ill in simple words,  
As one unlearned in everything but love.  
(To NICH.) : Thou'lt tell me, Nicholas.

NICH. Dear one, all's well.

PRIEST. Pardon me, Nicholas (*pushing him aside*). The  
plethora

We have reduced lies not within his body,  
But in his books. So we have freely bled  
His library ; henceforth no chivalrous book  
Shall prompt his fever. Shortly, we have burnt  
The books which bred his thoughts. The cause of ill  
Withdrawn, the ill will follow.

ANT. Sirs, I thank you,

But rather for the meaning than the deed.  
What boots it, sirs, to burn a book once known,  
Read and re-read as these ? Their matters will  
But find a surer refuge in his mind,  
That you have thus destroyed their proper home,—  
Be dearer treasured since they have no place,  
But in his heart,—be by his mind more nursed,  
That in his memory lies all their life.

PRIEST. My daughter, take the world's sure way from  
me

Who have seen more of time and place and person,  
Who have lived in the world and studied it—

ANT. I have lived in a world and studied it,  
And that world is my uncle.

PRIEST. All forget,

Thoughts die as men, through striving to live on,  
Wanting their proper food.  
The soul's wish cannot fill the body's want,  
And these books burnt—

ANT. My uncle will buy more.  
Already in the purchase of these books  
He hath diminished much of his small fortune.

PRIEST. They are of little worth.

ANT. 'Tis not their worth  
Where madness buys dishonesty will sell.  
He will buy more and dearer.

PRIEST. That he cannot,  
He hath bought every book of errantry  
Within the town.

ANT. With such a purchaser  
Think you not other books will be procured,  
If not by them, by him? Away from me!  
Oh, sirs, 'twere better you had left his books.  
They held him here; he would not stray from them,  
And being here at least he had my care.

NICH. Would I had heard thy speech before my deed;  
I do repent the part that I have played.

PRIEST. Peace, Nicholas; our action hath been just.  
Apart from any question of Quixano;  
Those books contain matters heretical,  
And 'tis the duty of our sacred church  
To burn them at the stake.

ANT. Hush, hush, he comes.

*(Enter QUIXANO L. He wears a long dressing gown, through which is seen a green baize waistcoat, a red cap on head. He carries an old folio under his arm, his fingers keeping the place. He is absorbed in thought, does not see the others, but measures out and marks on the floor five steps, and then surveys the distance.)*

QUIX. Five paces of a man of moderate growth,  
Such was the length of Brocobruno's finger;  
And since we nowhere read he was mis-shapen

As are so many of the giant brood,  
In stature he must—(*sees others*) Ah! friend Nicholas,  
And Signor Licentiate, good morrow!

ANT. Art rested, uncle dear?

QUIX. Ay, rested long and well. Too long I fear.

Those shadows fall not till the afternoon.

ANT. So thou art rested——

QUIX. Rested, nay, my sweet.

Sleep is but sloth, and rest but rust, while day  
Strides manfully his noon in field and market.

ANT. How wilt thou break thy fast?

(*Sees QUIXANO again gazing at measurement on floor.*)

I pray you, sirs,

Engage him in our simple daily things,  
And draw him from his thoughts.

NICH.

I will, Antonia;

And if I can but light on any books  
Which may keep him with thee, I'll bring them to thee.

(*Exit ANTONIA R.*)

PRIEST. Then ask me not to shrive thee.

QUIX. (*Roused by ANTONIA's exit.*) Friends, forgive me!

I was engaged in a small calculation.

And so forgot your presence. Come, what news?

(*They sit.*)

PRIEST. Sebastian and Stephano's old ill blood  
Has broken out afresh.

QUIX. So? I had hoped

Their peace was lasting. They were ever wont  
To bring their broils to me for their adjustment.

And it is now long since they sought my aid.

Well, they will come, as they have come before,

And I'll make peace as I've made peace before.

Well, sirs, what other news?

PRIEST. I hear Katrina  
Can hide her shame no longer.

QUIX. What Katrina!  
Antonia loves her. I remember her—  
A calm-eyed maid, brave in her innocence.

PRIEST. She is no more maid, brave, nor innocent.

QUIX. Let us not judge her. That which we call  
honour  
Is oft-times with less honour kept than lost,  
And it may be a woman's purest proof  
That she has been a woman, not a maid.

PRIEST (*To NICH.*). Mark'st thou how light the man  
now makes of vice?

Would'st thou still have those heresy books unburnt?

NICH. As surely as I wish Katrina well.

QUIX. No better news than this?

PRIEST. Better or worse

I know not—hints of war.

QUIX. (*emphatically*). Better, ay, better

PRIEST. Art thou then, sir, for strife?

QUIX. I say not that.

I first must know the cause. But I say this,  
War is a state as natural as peace,  
The school of many virtues else unlearn't ;  
The field of many talents else unproved,  
Nor is there any quality of peace,  
But is derived from war by war sustained.  
It tests all theories, sweeps away delusions,  
Finding the present worth of men and nations,  
And their true standing. Most precise in rank,  
Distinctions, deferences, subordinations,  
It offers to the common soldier  
A deathless place above his general,



A rank beyond the conference of others,  
To which the world salutes.

NICH. (to PRIEST). Say, is this madness?

(QUIX. turns quickly at the word, which he overhears, and smiles contemptuously.)

PRIEST (to NICH.). Peace, fool. Wouldst thou have him play mad with us?

QUIXOTE (*rejoining them after a pause, and sitting*). Well, well, this war!

PRIEST. 'Tis said the Moor makes ready  
Great armaments.

QUIX. And what their destination?

PRIEST. That is in question. Yet conjecture runs  
Some seek to plant themselves in Andalusia.

QUIX. When heard'st thou this?

PRIEST. 'Twas rumoured some days since.

QUIX. How stands it now?

PRIEST. I have made little quest.

The Moors are never like to reach us here ;  
They ever cling to their retreat, the sea ;  
And their high water mark is at Grenada.

QUIX. Is not Spain, Spain ? Are they of Andalusia  
The less ourselves because upon the map,  
Their land is coloured blue while ours is yellow ?  
Shall Spain ask no redress ?

(*He is now risen and pacing the room.*)

PRIEST. Nay, ask not me.

I am a man of peace. The Moors are heathen ;  
To excommunicate them is impossible.  
I leave all to the king.

QUIX. What does the king?

PRIEST. Since it is doubtful where the storm will burst,  
He hath sent troops to Sicily and Naples.

QUIX. And Malta surely!

PRIEST. Ay, I had forgotten.

QUIX. And for our land?

PRIEST. Such troops as can be mustered  
Among our states at warfare with each other  
Are ordered south. Meanwhile he looks abroad  
For mercenaries.

QUIX. The king acts prudently  
In timely caution and prepared defence.  
Yet not most simply. Were my counsel taken,  
I would advise a measure which, perchance,  
Has never struck his mind. Come, Nicholas,  
(I ask not thee, thou art a man of peace,)  
Hast thou no simpler method?

NICH. I would raise  
An army thrice outnumbering the Moors ;  
If need be, I would draw from every workshop,  
Or house, or field, throughout all Spain, a man.  
Then should we quietly steal down to the coast——

QUIX. Thou art with them, Nicholas?

NICH. Ay, with my shoes off.  
And some dark night when they are in carousal,  
Would spring upon them, three to one remember !  
With one to seize his arms he could not fight,  
The second round his feet he could not run,  
The third should meanwhile make him fast with cords.  
Then should we all convey him to the coast  
And having tied a stone about his heels,  
Cast him from off the cliffs into the sea.  
What sayest thou, Signor? would it not be pure?  
Remember, three to one.

QUIX. Ay, three to one!  
So, say the Moor is twenty thousand strong,

Thou wouldst raise sixty thousand—three to one.  
Then you march south to the Moreno Mountains,  
Whose passage, with desertion and disease,  
Which ever breeds where men are cramped together  
In unused undertakings, costs one-third.

His legs are free!

NICH.                               Then I would raise more men.

QUIX. More mouths to feed, more tongues to make  
          division.

NICH. What! wouldst thou venture then with equal  
          force?

QUIX. With most unequal, odds not three to one,  
Nor three times three, nor hundreds three times three.

NICH. Where wouldst thou raise such levies?

QUIX.   I would raise them,  
Yet would I draw no merchant from his booth,  
Nor take the hammer from one busy hand,  
Nor leave one flock of sheep or goats untended,  
Nor stay the singing of a single scythe  
Throughout all Spain. You understand me not.  
Thou wouldst raise levies, Nicholas—so would I.  
But not thy levies. I would put my trust  
Not in unproven thousands, but tried few,  
Some half-a-dozen, or at most a dozen.  
Each man of whom—if one may call them men,  
Seeing what often passes as a man,  
Could with one sunlit sweep of his swift sword  
Flash out the life of half a thousand Moors.  
Why look ye so? Good friends, do you not take me?  
Call forth the knights of Spain!

*(Enter ANTONIA R. She brings in QUIXANO'S breakfast.)*

Why do you haste your eyes away from me?

And steal uneasy glances at each other ?  
Now cringe, as if each feared the other's blow ?  
Does it affront you as impossible,  
That half a dozen Christian knights should vanquish  
A horde of twenty thousand heathen Moors ?  
Grant me one minute, I will furnish you  
With my enrolment, every knight of whom  
Has at one onset slain a thousand Moors.

*(Sits apart with book.)*

ANT. Sirs, what is this ?

PRIEST. It is not of our doing.  
But mention house, he claps thereon a knight.

ANT. I pray you leave him ; I can turn his mind ;  
Take no farewell, but quietly leave him thus.

PRIEST. Daughter, farewell, and ere I come again  
I doubt not that my work will bear good fruit.

*(To NICH.)* He still divides 'twixt Christian and heathen.  
It is a sign of grace where few signs are. *(Exit.)*

NICH. *(Lingering.)* Antonia, forgive me if my deeds  
Should turn to ill. Oh ! I would lose thy love  
To undo the deeds which for thy love I did.

ANT. Oh, speak no more, and least of all of love.  
This is no time ; my love, my every power  
Is wanted there.

NICH. If I can aid thee still——

ANT. Thou canst not but by going.

NICH.

If I can,

Thou'lt come to me, Antonia ?

ANT.

Ay, ay, there.

*(Holds out hand ; NICH. kisses it, and exit. ANTONIA  
brings breakfast down to table.)*

QUIX. *(Absorbed in book.)* Rinaldo de Montalvan well  
had led them.

But he is dead ?

ANT. Thy meal awaits thee, uncle.

QUIX. Florismarte of Hyrcania, who slew  
Six thousand heathen with his wondrous lance,  
Made of the timber of the Holy Cross.

ANT. Uncle, thy meal awaits thee.

QUIX. Nay, he lies  
Enchanted, none knows where, by whom nor how.  
Fool that he was to cast his lance aside  
And risk his fortune on unhallowed sword !

ANT. Uncle thy meal grows cold.

QUIX. Don Belianis,  
What last of him ? Friend Nicholas, to my closet,  
And bring me thence the feats of Belianis.  
He fell upon the Moor not once or twice.  
His name should make them pause—Haste, haste,

*(Rising.)*

How's this ?

Where are our friends the Priest and Nicholas ?

ANT. Gone !

QUIX. Are they gone ? Have I then been so long ?  
I know that when I ponder o'er these things,  
And move my mind among dead centuries,  
Time hastes her flight as jealous of her youth.  
Thou lookest pale and worn—what ails thee, sweet ?  
Aught that I can redress ?

ANT. Nay, I am well.

QUIX. Think'st thou that I have loved thee all these  
years,  
That since thy birth thine eyes have been to mine  
Their only resting place, thy face their home,  
To blunder and misread their characters ?  
Thy cheek is pale as after weary nights,

Thine eyes are worn as those that watch through tears,  
And even now a tear is newly sprung.  
What ails thee, dear one?

ANT. Nothing.

QUIX. Say not so!

Thine aspect can no more deceive my love  
Than could my aspect thine. If I were ill,  
Thou wouldst not fail to mark it, nor would I.  
Nothing my trouble to thee. Tell me thine ill,  
Or I shall think myself the cause of it.

ANT. Nay, think not so.

QUIX. Well might I think so, dearest,  
For I have much neglected thee of late.  
My studies have become so dear to me,  
And carried me so far, that I have been  
But as a shadow on thy solitude.  
Henceforth that shall not be. I will adjust  
My studies, so that out of every day  
We have a pure untroubled hour together,  
And thou shalt choose our doings and discourse,  
And lead me where thou wilt. Antonia's hour  
Shall be as sacred as St. Lawrence Day,  
And worth the keeping. But thou must not shorten  
My day with sloth. Ay! we will walk together,  
As in the old days, right back to the time  
When thou first camest to me a little maid,  
Thy head just level with—my heart, as now,

*(He is now seated, she also seated at his feet.)*

Who would not have a nursery rhyme or tale  
End sadly, nor would give her uncle peace  
Till he turned poet, and in halting lines  
Mended its sadness. Ay, I see thee now,

The fairies' caterer, who every eve  
Would make a circuit of our little garden,  
And in each kingcup put a drop of water,  
That elves should thirst not in their midnight dance.  
I see thee thus—how clear it all comes back!—  
And thus shall ever see thee.

But we must think no more of fairies, dear;  
Our fellow creatures claim our charity.  
There's Barnabas, he has some pressing want:  
What I forget; but I remember well,  
I promised him five doubloons. Take them to him.

*(Feels in pockets, which are empty.)*

Has not a packet come from Palameque?

ANT. *(Aside.)* From Palameque! money from Palameque,

Who lends but to undo? *(Aloud.)* Dear uncle, tell me  
Why dost thou lean so much on Palameque?

QUIX. Poor Palameque, he never had thy trust;  
He is uncouth, and so thou wrongest him,  
As young maids ever wrong the man whose aspect  
Feeds not their fancy, pleasures not their eye.  
Ill-favoured men by them are favoured ill,  
And the wise sculptor, when he models justice  
In figure of a woman, binds her eyes.

Were he as unjust in his estimate  
Of thee as thou of him,

*(ANT. shows impatience.)*

Thou wouldst fare ill.

Know that, alone of all around, this man  
Thou scornest shares my thoughts.

ANT. He share thy thoughts!

Could I believe one thought of thine could breathe  
And live amid the squalor of his heart,

I'd hold him higher. Of this chivalry  
I little know but this, that as it joys  
Thy mind it must be pure and true of aim,  
And being so, to him unnatural.  
He doth abuse thee ; oh ! believe him not.

QUIX. Men lie not to the lending of their gold.

ANT. 'Tis as I feared.

QUIX. Whence, dearest, springs thy fear?  
He loves to hear of errantry, and so  
Provides me with the means to buy my books,  
Charging no interest.

ANT. If he forego  
His interest, 'tis because he hath in view  
Some profit greater than his interest.

QUIX. Poor Palameque ! he is not to escape.  
Every acquittal puts him on his trial  
For graver charges. Prithee say no more.  
My friendship for him should have stayed my ears,  
If not thy tongue.

ANT. Then wilt thou tell me, uncle,  
How thy debt stands with Signor Palameque ?

QUIX. That would I, my sweet chancellor, but I  
Do scarcely know myself. Nay, if I thought,  
Doubtless I could recall it.

ANT. If thou couldst not,  
The sum would rest upon his word alone ?

QUIX. And I would take it. Quit thee of suspicion.  
There is no crime so great but 'tis a greater  
To charge it wantonly.

ANT. Still if he die,  
Another in his place, wanting thy trust,  
Might name what sum he would, and all would lie  
Between his word and thine.





To do the like for them. They think me mad !  
Truth is a music all men may not hear,  
And those who hear and dance to it are mad,  
Their every step but an unreasoned antic  
To those who hear it not. Who calls me mad  
Exalts me to a glorious company  
Wherein I have no part, sets me by men  
Whose madness once was canvassed in the streets  
Which now do bear their names. Not I like them  
Have heard the future knocking at the door  
While these heard nothing. I put forth no claim  
As midwife or physician to the future,  
To ease her in her labour. The truth I cherish  
Has been delivered many centuries :  
I plant my flag upon no new-found isle.  
But one wherein they lived for generations,  
But, now deserting, swear it never was  
And call me mad. Who is it calls me mad ?  
Clodpoles who have not been three miles from home  
Save when some wandering cow or swarm of bees  
Made travellers of them ; who can no more hold  
The things they see not than weigh those they see.  
They sing of one who had a house to sell,  
And to enable folk to judge its worth  
Took out a brick and carried it about.  
They laugh at him, yet trust the reputation  
Of the whole world to one poor dribbling street  
And half a score of fields. Hear how they reason :  
“ There are no giants since none drink with us,”  
Giving no thought that all our land is flat  
And giants live in mountainous recesses.  
“ No knights, since none has ridden through the village.”  
Though why a knight should come into these parts

Except for eggs or butter, heaven knows.  
Yet is their folly but a following.  
Madrid is nightly wrecked by causeless fires,  
One night a theatre, the next a palace,  
Now the cathedral, now the market place.  
Then shipping on the river. What is done  
By the authorities? They reinforce  
The alguazils, and set a double watch  
To watch for him who is invisible—  
The Enchanter Freston. I have writ the king  
Showing the counterspells. What has he done?  
My only answer this—the fires continue.  
Weep not; thy weeping will not cleanse their eyes.  
Why lookest on me sadly, as 'twere I  
For whom thou makest a sacrifice of tears?  
Antonia, come hither. Answer me,  
As thou shalt answer to thy conscience;  
*Thou*, dost *thou* think me mad? I see thou dost.  
Ah! now I feel the pain of my misdeeds;  
In this have I played selfishly with thee.  
Alas, the fairest path that lies to man  
Should be the only path that I have trod,  
Nor offered thee my hand. Forgive me, dearest.

ANT. I have nought to forgive.

QUIX. Thou wilt forgive

The readier that thou knowest not the loss  
That I have lost thee. Yet, dear one, know this,—  
Should ever any harm come nigh thy dwelling,  
Enchanter vex or Dragon harry thee,  
Thou in thine uncle shalt find a true knight.

(*Kisses her.*)

Now leave me to my madness.

(*He sits and after a while falls again to his book*)

ANT. (*Aside up.*) Heaven forgive me  
That ever I should think my uncle mad  
And he should read my thoughts. And yet, and yet—  
If only will were wit and learning love,  
The remedy lay here within myself.  
Well, if he hath one part beyond my cure  
The rest shall be the more within my care.

QUIX. (*Aside.*) Methought this was the book which  
had a table  
Of all our knights, their births, achievements, arms,  
Their mistresses, their deaths, or latest tidings.  
Ah! here it is. "Dead, recreant, dead, enchanted,"  
(Nay, a French knight,) "dead, dead, dead, dead, all dead,"  
The ancient knights of Spain. (*Starts up.*)

ANT. (*Coming down.*) What ails thee, uncle?

QUIX. Nothing ails me; it aileth all or none.  
Here take this book; look at its title page;  
I dare not look: tell me its year of print.  
Quick, quick, or I, (*looking over her*)—two hundred years ago.  
There may be others since.

ANT. What meanest thou?

QUIX. Two hundred years ago,—not may but must,  
Or this our land were smothered up with crime,  
And pestilent with cruelty. Be they dead,  
Others may be forthcoming.

ANT. Uncle!

QUIX. Others!

Others may wait for others. Antonia!

ANT. Dear uncle, I am here.

QUIX. Why at my feet?

Rise, dearest, rise.

(*Enter* HOUSEKEEPER *with packet, which she takes to*  
QUIXANO.)

HOUSE.                Sir, Signor Palameque  
Sends this for thee.

*(She goes out.)*

QUIX. *(Perplexed.)* Antonia, what was it?  
Ay, Barnabas! Take him the sum I promised.  
Nay take him ten doubloons, the rest lay by  
For household uses. Haste to him, Antonia;  
Ay, I will take my food. Quick are his wants,  
Quick be thy ministerings.

*(Exit ANTONIA.)*

Others may wait for others; what of me?  
So steeped in chivalrous studies that at night  
They crowd my bedroom till it swells and grows  
Into a palace past a poet's planning,  
And all is visioned in knightly things.  
My truckle bed swells to King Arthur's table  
And I among his knights sit by the board.  
Were I but worthy, what of prayer and fasting  
Must first be done?

*(He crosses to book closet, thrusts aside curtain and puts  
his hand where the handle ought to be. Not finding it, he  
looks at door and starts back amazed.)*

Antonia! Antonia! Antonia!

*(Enter HOUSEKEEPER.)*

HOUSE. My mistress has gone out.

QUIX. *(With forced calmness.)* Still thou canst tell me,  
Have I or have I not a book closet?

HOUSE. Ay, surely sir, 'twas there behind the curtain.

QUIX. I am not mad, thank God! I am not mad.  
But how comes this?

HOUSE.                Would I could tell thee, master!  
But in thy sleep one looking like a man,  
Save that he rode a cloud——

QUIX. Ah! an enchanter.

HOUSE. He gave no name or business, but flew  
Right through the roof, filling the house with smoke,  
And when he left, mounting again his serpent——

QUIX. Serpent! it was a cloud thou saidst he rode.

HOUSE. It was a kind of serpent in a cloud.

QUIX. Oh! a fire-breathing serpent—well, what else?

HOUSE. Nothing, sir, save he said as he rode off  
That from a secret enmity to thee  
He had done that which shortly would appear.

QUIX. Freston.

HOUSE. He gave no name.

QUIX. Ay, that will do.

(Exit HOUSEKEEPER.)

I thank thee, Freston. I had rusted here  
But for thy offices. Now I go forth,  
Wanting no further warrant. For my squire,  
Good Sancho Panza. Only yesternight  
Amadis, ere he went into the dark,  
Thrice beckoned me, and I knew not his will.  
I know it now. To arms, to arms, to arms!

(*Is noiselessly taking down arms from the wall as the  
curtain descends. The sinking sun is seen through casement.*)

## ACT II.

*Scene: The courtyard of the Holy Cross Inn. The inn stands R., and about its porch are a group of men and women, drinking. A strongly built wine shed with a grated window stands L., it is backed by the outskirts of a wood. PALAMEQUE is superintending the storage in the shed of wine-bags, which are borne across stage by carriers. A wall about 6½ feet high skirts the back of stage. R.C. is a wall. L.C. the cross, broken and moss-grown, after which the inn is named. The time is night, the moon bright or obscured as desired.*

DRINKER. (*Singing.*) "Father Noah, when he weighed anchor in the ark,

"As was the first big ship, boys,

"Said he, 'I'm far from sweet on the looks of this here barque,

"And she's had no trial trip, boys.

"At six hundred you'll agree it's late to put to sea,

"And I shan't take kindly to it I'm afeared,

"But I daresay I shall do if I keep a drink or two

"For the time when all the inns have disappeared.'

"So he smuggles in a big goat skin

"Full o' wine and 'mong his animals he stows it.

"And if you ask how I know all about it—why!

'Why every drinker knows it.

DRINKERS. (*Chorus.*) "Knows it, knows it,

Every drinker knows it."

PAL. (*Aside.*) Another, and another, and another,  
There goes Amadis, here comes Britomart.  
Well may I give my skins a knightly name,  
Since for each book he places on his shelves  
I store another wine bag in my shed.  
And madness pays for both. Poor simple fool,  
Who credits print with truth and loans with love  
And sees no profit where no interest !  
Already have I three-fourths of my money  
Retrieved by secret dealings in his books,  
And still my debt stands full and unreduced  
Against the land I covet, and the maid.

(*Enter* NICHOLAS.)

NICH. (*to* PAL.). Bring me some wine.

PAL. What, Master Nicholas?  
Good even, sir, thou art no common guest ;  
I trust thy coming not betokens ill.

NICH. I come for wine, not questions ; give me wine.

PAL. And thou shalt have it. But, good sir, what sort ?

NICH. I care not what so it forbids forebodings  
And frees the heart of fear.

PAL. I'll bring it quick.  
Wilt thou within ?

NICH. Ay, I would be alone.

(*Exit into inn.*)

PAL. (*to* CARRIER). What are all in? There's for thy pains.

(*Exit* CARRIER).

Lie there,  
My leathern-coated warriors, in peace. (*Locks door.*)  
And now to Nicholas. They say of late  
He and Antonia have been much together.  
Therefore with cunning cups I'll play on him.



That he unasked shall tell me what to ask  
Would touch him on the raw.

1ST D. Signor Palameque, let us see some more of your  
wine.

PAL. Ay, but first let me see some more of your money.

1ST D. Out with it, Sebastian ; it's your turn to pay.

2ND D. My turn, you liar !

1ST D. Liar yourself, and cheat ! You had my wine,  
and now——

*(Disturbance among DRINKERS, the men wishing to fight,  
and the women clinging to them.)*

PAL. Come, gentlemen, order, order !

3RD D. What's the good of ordering when you won't  
give us what we order ? *(Some laugh.)*

PAL. Settle you among yourselves who shall pay while I  
get the wine.

*(Exit into inn.)*

1ST WOMAN. *(Looking off L.)* Hurrah ! here come  
Barnabas and Maraquita. Dancing too, and he never  
does that unless his pockets are lined.

*(Enter BARNABAS and MARAQUITA dancing, the DRINKERS  
cheer them. BARNABAS throws himself on seat by table,  
dragging MARAQUITA with him.)*

DRINKERS. Well skipped, Barnabas.

BARN. Give us some more drink.

1ST D. Nay, it is you will have to get us the drink.

BARN. Eh ! but I have no money.

3RD D. We heard it jingling in your pocket half a mile  
off. Dance again, Barnabas.

BARN. Nay, I am tired. But here I'll be fair with you.  
You tell me how I got it, and I will get a skinful of wine.

1ST D. Out of old Quixano.

BARN. That's a brave guess. You should turn fortune

teller and follow the fairs. With a bit of practice I shouldn't be surprised if you told me I got my shoes from a shoemaker. No, no. How did I get the money from him, what was my tale?

(MARAQUITA *slightly shrinks from him.*)

1ST D. Not that your cow had died. That's mine.

2ND D. Nor your mother, and that you have to bury her? That's mine.

3RD D. It isn't your landlord who is turning you out.

BARN. Pah, these are dry guesses. You'll have more wit when you've more wine. (*Knocking at inn door. PALAMEQUE comes out.*) Hey, Palameque, a skinful of wine. See here. (*Shows money.*)

PAL. Come to the shed then. (*Unlocks shed.*)

BARN. We'll drink long life to old Quixano's madness. (*Follows PALA. into shed.*)

3RD D. Ay, ay, that's fair. When he was well, we drank to his health, now he is mad we drink to his madness.

1ST WOM. (*Looking off.*) Hush, is this not his niece?

1ST D. Ay, that it is, sure enough. (*Loosening the arm of 2nd woman, which is round his neck.*) Quick, get you in. If he heard that I spent my money on you——

2ND WOM. Why may you not spend your money as you like?

1ST D. *My money!* Don't be a fool, Maria.

3RD D. Sampson means, my dear, that not even a madman would mistake you for a new cow.

(*Re-enter BARNABAS from shed. He has a wine-skin slung round him, and is pretending to play on it as a bagpipe, making a noise with his mouth. They get him to stop.*)

BARN. Oh! Off with you, girls; we will soon be with you.

(*The women rise.*)

Oh! and this. (*Slips off wineskin.*) Here, who'll take this?

(*All the men decline.*)

2ND WOM. We'll take it. (*Snatches it, slings it round her, and imitates BARNABAS'S piping as she and the other women—except MARAQUITA, who remains in porch—go into inn.*)

(*Enter ANTONIA. She looks round and comes down to PALAMEQUE as he lets himself out of shed and locks door.*)

ANT. Where is my uncle?

PAL. What, can it be the fair Antonia?

ANT. Signor Palameque, where is my uncle?

PAL. I know not, fair lady.

ANT. Has he not been here?

PAL. No.

ANT. No?

PAL. Ask these, since thou believest not me. Have any of you seen Signor Quixano hereabouts?

DRINKERS. No.

ANT. (*To PAL.*) Still thou canst tell me the intention of his journey.

PAL. His journey?

ANT. Ay; thou hast been in his counsels and canst tell me whither it is that he has set forth mounted and armed.

PAL. Mounted and armed! Has his madness turned to this?

(*The DRINKERS also show signs of dismay.*)

What wouldst thou have me do?

ANT. If thou canst not tell me whither he has gone, thou canst do nothing. I will seek what aid I need from those who have never harmed him. (*She, turning from PALAMEQUE, who goes off into the inn, addresses DRINKERS.*) Sirs, some of you know my uncle?

1ST D. Ay, all of us. The good Signor Quixano.

2ND D. The best friend we poor ever had.

ANT. I am glad that you are not ungrateful now that he needs your help. Let three or four of you come with me and make search for him. Sampson!

DRINKERS. Ay, Sampson, you shall lead us.

BARN. He has no wife and children as I have, God forgive me.

1ST D. That would I, madam, but we know not which way he has taken. Say he has gone north, and we go south, or west or even north-west, we should never come within sight of him.

(*Seeing him hopeless, ANTONIA turns to 2ND DRINKER.*)

2ND D. Ay, and suppose we did catch sight of him. He has a horse and has only to clap spurs to it to be out of sight in a moment.

3RD D. Or he may show not flight but fight. What then? He has arms, I have but wits, and wits are no protection against those who have lost them. Moreover, suppose by some lucky chance I kill him, it is murder; while if he kills me, his madness gets him off scot free.

4TH D. Ay, that's law; that is. And I don't know how the law stands as to kidnapping madmen. I should say it was a state affair, and it is ill meddling with such matters.

ANT. Some of you had starved had he not fed you, some have been sick and would have died had he not ministered unto you, some of you are wearing the clothes he gave you, ay, and have been in prison and he has visited you. Is there not one to aid him now?

3RD D. I don't remember his visit. But as to the rest, mark you this, Signor Quixano being mad, is no longer himself—d'ye mark me?—and to seek to serve him now would be to pay a debt to the wrong man.

ANT. Barnabas!

BARN. Lady, you saw how I stood but a few hours since, a wife and children down with fever, and I unable to leave their bedside. Besides, you yourself said "three or four," and where are the others? We all would help you as far as we can; and what I say is, let us wait till the morning, when we shall be fresh, and shall doubtless have got word of his whereabouts. Meanwhile, let us go within and discuss what is best to do to-morrow.

OTHER DRINKERS. Hear, hear. (*They make for door.*)

BARN. Will you come with us, lady?

(ANTONIA turns away in disgust. As soon as all the DRINKERS have entered the inn MARAQUITA comes from porch to ANTONIA.)

MARA. Turn not away—he turned not when I fell;  
'Twas he and he alone who had compassion.  
Had others been, had one but been, as he!

ANT. Poor girl, I am sorry for thee!

MARA. Mind not me,  
See, here is money, if thou go in quest——

(ANTONIA refuses it.)

Then take this brooch, which I believe of value.  
It was my mother's; I have never worn it  
Since I was as thyself.

ANT. (*Declining it.*) I thank thee, sister.  
I know no other name.

MARA. I ask not that.

(*Singing is heard from inn.*)

ANT. So soon, so soon.

MARA. Oh, that I were a man,  
(But not as those) to serve thee, or such woman  
As might come with thee. I can nothing do.  
Once I could pray, but then I once was pure.

Being as I am, I can as little help  
Another as myself. (*Going.*)

ANT. Poor girl! God help thee!  
Stay! this canst thou to serve me. See within  
If there be others who may come with me.

MARA. That will I; there is Master Nicholas.

ANT. What! Nicholas! Oh, send him to me, quick;  
I'll wait here by the cross.

MARA. Heaven save thee, lady!

(*Exit into inn.*)

ANT. (*Kneeling to cross, the DRINKERS' song continuing.*)  
Oh, cross! as strangely placed 'mid thy surroundings  
As he among his fellows, here I kneel.  
Oh! Mary, Holy Mother, only Mother  
That ever I have known, be with me now  
And guide my steps aright. Thou too hast known  
My pains and fears, for thou hast sought for one,  
Thy Holy Child, who wandered from thy side  
To do His Father's bidding. Oh! lead me  
Where I may find him—in his heart a child,  
And in his soul no baser thought than this,  
To do the will of Heaven.

(PALAMEQUE enters, ANTONIA remains in silent prayer at  
cross.)

PAL. (*Aside.*) How all things work together for my ends!  
Quixano's study, now it turns to crime,  
Will bring him to the madhouse or the gaol.  
Antonia defenceless! Ah! still here!  
And at the cross to which none has resort  
Till natural means have failed.

ANT. (*Rising.*) Ah! Nicholas, 'tis heaven sends thee  
hither.

PAL. Art sure it is not Palameque and hell!

ANT. Ah, Palameque, I'll say that heaven brings thee  
If thou wilt in and send me Nicholas.

PAL. He will not help thee, lady.

ANT. That is false.

PAL. Trust thou thine eyes, if thou wilt not my words.  
See for thyself; he sits in yonder room.

Loosen the shutters and look in on him.

*(She does so.)*

ANT. Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! I trusted thee.  
Now trust I thee no more. Hast thou not seen  
How desolate is madness heaven born  
To breed it earthwise?

PAL. Madam, what wilt thou do?

ANT. Go forth alone.

PAL. Thou knowest not the dangers of thy journey.

ANT. And is my uncle in no danger then?

I will not waste in words the time for work.

PAL. Thou shalt not forth alone.

ANT. Sir, let me pass.

PAL. I will go with thee.

ANT. Thou?

PAL. Then let it be

That thou shalt stay at home while I make search.

ANT. I thank thee, sir, but I will take no help  
Where I can give no trust. Sir, let me pass.

PAL. This is no time for childish petulance.  
Thou ever hast borne little favour towards me,  
But now 'tis I alone can succour thee.  
Thou hast seen what others are. Give me thy word,  
(See how I trust thee), but thy spoken word,  
That on the day I bring him safely back,  
And have him lodged in some fit place for such,  
Thou wilt become my wife.

ANT. Sir, let me pass.

PAL. Nay, first thine answer.

ANT. Had I honour for thee,  
As I have not, those last few words of thine  
Had turned it all to scorn. Sir, let me pass.

PAL. Scorn is a bitter, whetting appetite.  
Know, ere thou scorn my honourable offers,  
Thou lookest to me for thy daily bread.

ANT. I scorn thee and thy offers. Let me pass.

PAL. Scorn is a poor defence against the strong,  
And shame may school thy mind where love will not.

(*Seizes her.*)

ANT. (*Struggling.*) Unhand me, sir. Help, Nicholas,  
Nicholas!

Help! help! help! help!

PAL. Come farther from the house;  
Once in the wood, my maid, thy cries shall sound  
But as the cooing of the willing dove.

BOY. (*Off.*) Help! Signor Palameque.

(*PAL. releases his hold of ANTONIA, who escapes.*)

PAL. Tush, who comes here?

(*Enter BOY breathless.*)

BOY. Ah! Signor Palameque.

PAL. The miller's boy.

What dost thou want?

BOY. One moment while I breathe.

My master, is he here?

PAL. He is not here.

Why dost thou seek him?

BOY. Truth I scarcely know.

But, as I sat at supper in the mill,  
There came a shock which near unseated me.  
I to the window, whence I saw the sail



Was bearing round some struggling, moon-lit thing  
That shone like silver. Though it wore man's shape  
I know it was the devil, so I prayed.

Awhile I heard strange mutterings and groans,  
As though the fiend were talking to himself.  
At last they ceased, and I peeped out again,  
And all was bright and still.

PAL. Thy master, boy,  
Has not been here; he seldom drinks with us.  
But at the "Winepress," thou may'st find him there.

BOY. Thither I'll go forthwith.

*(Exit.)*

PAL. I would the boy  
Had loitered on the road. But all must come  
In time to my own hand, and this first stroke  
Of chivalry has promise.

*(Exit into inn.)*

*(Approaching groans are heard. Then enter QUIXANO,  
much shaken, supported by SANCHO.)*

QUIX. Here will I rest. *(Sits at the foot of cross.)* A  
curse on Freston. Were it not for his wiles, thou shouldst  
be now conducting eleven giants to the feet of the peerless  
Dulcinea del Toboso.

SAN. Giants! God save me. They were windmills.  
Did I not tell your worship so, and warn you to have a  
care what you did?

QUIX. Windmills! So they appeared to thee in the  
guise of windmills?

SAN. Ay! windmills, and none could have mistaken  
them but one who had the like in his head.

QUIX. Peace, Sancho. I see how it is. I told thee  
that there was no precedent for a squire to ride on an  
ass, and of this irregularity Freston has taken advantage

by enchanting thy sight. Ay, thou mayest start, but I will show thee greater wonders and teach thee greater mysteries. But reach hither thy hand and feel how many teeth are missing. This side, for here I feel the pain.

(SANCHO *feels* QUIXANO'S *teeth*.)

SAN. How many had your worship?

QUIX. Four beside the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound.

SAN. Think well what you say, sir.

QUIX. I say four, if not five.

SAN. Well then, on this lower side your worship has but two and a half, and in the upper jaw neither half nor whole, for all is as smooth as the palm of my hand.

QUIX. So! Then give me the balsam of Fieribras.

SAN. What balsam is that?

QUIX. Did I not make a vial of it and give it into thy charge?

SAN. I have not so much as heard of it till now.

QUIX. I would I had done so, for it is a balsam so virtuous that he who has it need fear nothing. I will make some, and if thou seest me cleft asunder in battle, as frequently happens, all thou hast to do is forthwith (before the blood has congealed) to pick up the part that has fallen to the earth, and with great nicety (so that the parts tally) place it upon that part of me that remains in the saddle. Then give me but two mouthfuls of the balsam, and thou shalt instantly see me sounder than an apple.

SAN. Look here, your honour. I renounce henceforth the government of that island which you promised me as wages, if only you will tell me how to make this liquor. For it would fetch more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and all I want is to pass this life with credit and comfort. What would it cost to make?

QUIX. A mere trifle, it is but a compound of common herbs.

SAN. Sinner that I am, why does your worship delay making it?

QUIX. Peace, Sancho, for I intend to teach thee greater secrets and to do thee greater kindnesses. Hast thou made the steeds fast, for here we will rest for the night.

*(Stretches himself out.)*

SAN. Will not your honour enter the inn?

QUIX. Inn? *(Rising.)* I had not observed we were so near shelter. Inn? Sancho does this appear to thee in the guise of an inn?

SAN. That it does, and may I never see heaven if it be not one where I have often drunk.

QUIX. Freston has enchanted thee to some purpose. This is no inn, Sancho.

SAN. Then what in heaven's name is it?

QUIX. A castle, Sancho, a castle. But come, let us into the moonlight that the dwarf who stands sentinel on the battlements may see our true condition and herald our approach with a blast of his horn.

SAN. Heaven send this prove not a worse matter than the windmills.

QUIX. Windmills, ha, ha! Inn, ha, ha! Whenever didst thou see an inn so fortified as this? Mark its bastions, groins, bulwarks, portcullises. See how bright in the moonlight are its turrets and battlements.

*(Drunken music.)*

Ha, we have come in an hour of revelry. Even now in the great hall are the knights, their armour laid aside, leading forth their fair ladies in the dance, while overhead the old banners, tattered veterans, sway to their footing.

*(DAPPLE brays off.)*

The dwarf, Sancho, the dwarf. He has seen us and blows a friendly blast.

SAN. It was but the braying of Dapple, your honour.

QUIX. (*Looking at him sadly.*) This comes of thy bringing Dapple with thee.

SAN. That is so, for had I left her at home, I should not hear her braying here.

QUIX. Thou hearest no braying, Sancho. I mean that thy enchantment is due to thy being mounted on an ass, wherefore Freston hath enchanted thine eyes that thou takest giants for windmills; thine ears, that thou canst not tell an ass's bray from the blast of a horn. But be of good heart, Sancho, for if he hath not bewitched thy stomach, thou shalt, from the meat and drink placed before thee, know the difference between this castle and an inn.

SAN. Shall I have to pay for the victuals your worship speaks of?

QUIX. Nay, it would be a strange castle if thou hadst.

SAN. Ay, but, your worship, if it be an inn?

QUIX. (*Angrily.*) Out upon thee, Sancho. It is a castle.

SAN. Let that be your worship; the more you stir it the more it stinks. But suppose we come to some place which your worship may see is an inn, but which I by enchantment can make nothing of but a castle.

QUIX. It matters not, Sancho. Whether a castle or inn, I have never heard of knight or squire being charged for his entertainment.

SAN. I desire nothing better. (*Going.*)

QUIX. Do not go, Sancho. Stay but a moment, and thou shalt see the great gates thrown open, and the Governor of the castle, attended by a crowd of fair ladies, come forth to welcome us with honour.

SAN. Let me go, your worship. For whenever I hear Dapple—(*breaks off*)—I mean Dapple has need of me, I will first see to her and then find out if any of this enchantment has yet flown to my belly. (*Exit.*)

QUIX. (*Examining himself.*) I would I had not lost my helmet to those long-armed giants. But doubtless ere long I shall capture one in combat. Hark, the great gates open, and the Governor, or perchance some princesses heated by the dance, seeking the cool of the terrace or bower or lake—

(*Enter 1st and 2nd WOMEN from inn.*)

1ST WOM. What is that?

2ND WOM. It is the madman.

QUIX. (*Kneeling to them.*) Princesses! he who kneels before you—

(*They recoil in fright.*)

Flee not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood which I profess to offer insult to any person, much more to virgins of your exalted rank.

1ST WOM. He calls himself a knight.

2ND WOM. Did you hear what he called us? (*They laugh.*)

QUIX. Modesty becomes beauty, and excessive laughter proceeding from a slight cause is folly. (*Struggling to rise.*) I say not this—I pray you help me rise.

(*2nd WOMAN helps him up.*)

I thank thee, lady. (*Kisses her hand.*) I say not this to distress or humble you, for my part is to do you service.

2ND WOM. Come away; do not let us provoke him.

1ST WOM. I would I had seen you knighted. Who helped you up then, Don Lanternjaws? (*They laugh.*)

QUIX. You who disgrace the name of princesses, think

you that knighthood is the brief bending of the knee, the gentle kiss of the sword? No, the ever-kneeling soul, the ever-suffering body, the love that ranks one on the side of right, the care for none but others, the fear of none but oneself, a life which reads fair in the records of heaven, a death which the soul meets standing—these and these alone make the true knight.

*(The women go off laughing.)*

And yet may not these unmannerly jades be right? If Sancho be enchanted for riding an ass, may not my discomfiture and the pains I feel in every limb be my punishment for embarking on chivalry while lacking formal knighthood?

*(Enter PALAMEQUE from inn.)*

PAL. *(Aside.)* What devil hath brought the madman hither?

QUIX. Ah, Sir Governor, Sir Governor *(kneeling)*, Don Quixote de la Mancha, champion of the immeasurably beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, craveth a favour of thee; nor will he depart from thy castle till thou hast conferred it—the gift of knighthood.

PAL. *(Aside.)* I would not have him madder, but I wish he were away.

QUIX. Thine answer good, Signor Castelliano.

PAL. 'Tis easy done; give me thy sword, and then away.

QUIX. I thank thee *(rising with difficulty)*, but first I must keep my vigil. Pray lead me to thy chapel.

PAL. Alas! the chapel which stood here but a month since has been pulled down.

QUIX. Ay, but enough remains. See on this altar *(going to well)* will I place my arms. Leave me, good Sir Governor. *(Places armour on well, retaining lance and buckler.)*

PAL. I must humour his madness and get him away. Meanwhile, I will within and keep the others from seeing him. Ah! Nicholas, might I not make the needful adventure with him? (*Exit into inn.*)

QUIX. Lie there, my arms, till daylight or victory discharges my duty. Meanwhile, in accordance with precedent, will I patrol the spot chanting such verses to Dulcinea as may propose themselves to my enamoured imagination. (*Walks up and down singing or saying the following verses.*)

Lady, loveliest and divinest,  
At this moonlit hour  
Thou on couch of down reclinest  
In thy lake-washed bower.  
While the music of the zither  
Borne across the water's glitter  
Tells thee of thy beauty's power  
No idea, no idea  
Hast thou of thy true knight's throes. Oh!  
Dulcinea, Dulcinea,  
Dulcinea del Toboso.

Fairer than yon moon and colder,  
Since by thy decree  
I, permitted to behold her,  
May not look on thee.  
But perchance thou wilt grow tender  
When I clothe thy name with splendour  
By those deeds which are to be.  
Panacea, Panacea,  
Cure as cause of all my woes. Oh!  
Dulcinea, Dulcinea,  
Dulcinea del Toboso.

(*At the end of the song he goes off L.* PALAMEQUE

*appears with NICHOLAS at inn door. NICHOLAS stupefied by drink.)*

PAL. Come, I will help thee to thy house. (NICHOLAS'S basin falls from under his arm.) Rest against the well. (Places NICH. against well and picks up basin, which he claps on NICH.'s head.) There, 'tis easier carried thus. (Throws down the armour and darts back to porch. Enter

QUIXANO quickly.)

QUIX. What was that? (Sees NICH.) Ha! so soon. Assist me, oh lady, to avenge this the first insult offered to thy vassal's breast.

(Attacks NICH., who falls, his basin rolls across stage. QUIX. chases it.)

NICH. Murder, murder!

QUIX. (taking up basin). Ah! the Golden Helmet of Mambruno.

(As he gloatingly examines it, PAL. drags NICH. into inn.) Vanquished knight, I will spare thy life on condition that thou straightway repair to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso and address her thus. Dost thou hear me, sir? Answer, or I strike again. Gone! Flee he could not. It is Freston who with enchantment hath conveyed him hence. Still I have defended, and may don, my arms. (Puts on armour.) I doubt not that Mambruno's helmet being of pure gold has led the recreant to melt down one half of it for lucre's sake.

(Enter PAL.)

PAL. (Aside.) That stroke had killed a soberer man. Now must I knight him and get him away.

QUIX. Ah, Signor Castelliano, I have not watched my arms in vain. See my spoils, the helmet of Mambruno.

PAL. Ay, ay, but to thy knighthood. Give me thy sword and kneel.

(QUIXANO does as told, clasping the basin to his bosom.)



Arise, Don Quixote.

(QUIX. *does not rise, being in ecstasy.* PAL. *strikes him harder with sword.*)

Arise, Don Quixote. Sir, thou art knighted.

QUIX. (*Rising.*) Knighted! Ah, knighted; I thank thee, sir. (*Takes sword.*) Now will I place my arms at the service of the damsels of thy castle.

PAL. Nay, they are all abed and have need of nothing.

(*Loud scuffling, wailing, and disturbance from inn.*)

QUIX. There was the cry of women.

PAL. Ay, quick, come hither; a damsel beset by giants. (*Unlocks shed door.*)

QUIX. Lead on, lead on.

(*Follows PALAMEQUE into shed. As they go off, a crowd of drinkers run SANCHO out of inn.*)

SAN. Hands off! I tell you I am a squire-errant.

4TH D. A common cheat.

5TH D. If he'll drink free, there's the horse-trough for him.

SEVERAL DS. Ay, ay, the horse-trough.

6TH. D. (*Throwing back shutters of upstairs window, from which a stream of light falls on grating.*) Hey, stop, toss him! Here is a blanket. (*Throws one out.*)

DRINKERS. Ay, a blanket, toss him, toss him. To the field, to the field.

(*They pick up blanket, and hustle SANCHO off at back as PAL. lets himself out of shed and locks the door. As he does this a number of drinkers, male and female, emerge cautiously from inn.*)

1ST D. Look behind the cross, good Barnabas, for they say the devil lurks there.

PAL. What is this?

(*They all start.*)

BARN. Art thou the man or ghost or devil who hast half slain Nicholas ?

PAL. I am your host, but what is this of Nicholas ?

BARN. He lies within half dead. And from what we can get out of him it was some man or ghost or devil that set on him as he crossed the yard, and it is this man or ghost or devil whom we have come to seek.

PAL. Tush, friends. To your homes, all of you. Nicholas is far in drink to-night ; I doubt not he has fallen of himself.

1ST D. Ay, he lay at the foot of the stair.

BARN. If that be so, I am no longer afraid of ghost or man or devil.

OTHER DS. Nor I, nor I.

BARN. This is the way of men and ghosts and devils. When they meet a poor drunken, defenceless man they throw him downstairs, but at the approach of men of clear wits and stout hearts——

QUIX. (*In shed amid sounds of slashing.*) Come giants one and all.

DRINKERS. It's giants. (*Shrink back.*)

QUIX. (*In shed.*) Cleft to the chin. What blood these giants have !

PAL. (*Who has looked through grating.*) My wine, my wine. (*Unlocks shed door and enters.*)

1ST D. It is the madman slashing the wine-skins.

DRINKERS. See, see under the door, wine, wine.

(*They go round door through which the wine is flowing and take it up in hands, handkerchiefs, caps, etc.*)

QUIX. Another at a stroke. Now at thee.

BARN. Back, back ; he is coming. (*They give way.*)

QUIX. (*Appearing at door ; he is covered with wine, and is holding up a slashed wine-bag transfixed by his sword.*)

Friends, you are free. Behold the head of the last of your tyrants. See, draw his head from my sword and do with it as you will.

*(The DRINKERS pull it off and quarrel over it, trying to drink the wine.)*

Fools, what would you do. Drink the blood of a giant? Is it for this I have freed you? Back, back, unworthy slaves. Would you have your bodies poisoned and beget monstrosities? Back I say; the man who touches a drop dies.

*(Several have attempted to snatch the skin, but QUIXANO has threatened them with his sword. Meanwhile, some have withdrawn to wings and back and have picked up stones. They now throw them at QUIXANO, who falls. PALAMEQUE enters.)*

BARN. Steady, boys; would you kill the goose, think of the golden eggs.

PAL. *(Locking shed door.)* Whatever you have done, it is enough. An ill night's work. To your homes all of you. I'll to the inn.

*(PAL. goes into inn; a moment later the upper window is shut. The DRINKERS slink off.)*

QUIX. *(After a moonlit pause raises himself feebly on one arm.)* Sancho! Sancho!

*(As if in answer SANCHO is seen rising and falling in blanket behind wall. QUIXANO sinks back at full length, and the curtain descends amid the laughter from behind wall of SANCHO'S tossers. Bright moonlight.)*

### ACT III.

*Scene: The DUKE'S Pleasaunce. A raised seat for the DUKE and DUCHESS R. ALTISIDORA is seated on its steps playing a lute. Other ladies in waiting, and RODRIGUEZ and other Duennas are standing and reclining about.*

ALT. (*Laying lute aside.*) Ah me! the Duchess lingers.

ROD. Ay, we ladies see little of her now, nor shall we till her whim be passed. It is "Don Quixote" morning, noon, and night, and "Sancho Panza," "good Sancho Panza," breakfast, dinner, and supper. But there, her Grace ever thought more of her laugh than of her reputation.

ALT. She need fear no scandal from the knight. Have not I at her bidding languished for him openly, fixed my eyes on him at table, and refused my food, fainted in his presence times without number, and kept him awake at night with serenades and sighs? And what has been my reward?

ROD. 'Tis well her Grace lit on thee for the carriage of *that* jest.

ALT. Truly I think so. Pity is akin to love, and it would have been ill-advised to employ one who might have stirred his compassion.

DUEN. For my part, though, I cannot but laugh at the poor knight's extravagancies; I think it cruel sport to treat him thus. This ordering of all things to confirm his madness hath made him fourfold as mad as when he came hither.

LADY. Nay, that is rather the Duke's doing. Her Grace leans more to the squire's proverbs than his master's

orations, whereas the Duke holds constant discourse with the knight on chivalry, and professes himself a believer that he may hear more of the gospel. But see, hither come the Duke and the Chancellor.

*(All rise as the DUKE and DON MIGUEL enter.)*

DUKE. Am I not master in my own domain  
To choose what guests I please? This fool diverts me,  
Who long have tired of bladder, cap, and bells.  
May I not choose my jester?

DON M. Sire, remember,  
This hapless gentleman hath done grave damage  
To many of your lieges. Some hath he maimed,  
Sunk this one's boat, slaughtered another's sheep——

DUKE. Enough, enough, no tale can bear ill telling,  
And I would rather madmen made my laws  
Than trust diversion to a lawyer's tale.

DON M. He hath done harm——

DUKE. Perchance as much as makes  
A village holiday. And when he weaves  
From the chance medleys of a Shrovetide Fair  
Tales which out-travel travellers', and deeds  
To put the grey-haired veteran to despair,  
In sooth I think my lieges may be pleased  
That I am pleased at so little cost.

DON M. If in your pleasure you forget their wrongs,  
May they not in their wrongs forget your pleasure?  
They hear that one, whom they deem criminal,  
Sits at your table, who should be his judge,  
That you have honoured him for full two weeks——

DUKE. And so I may another month, day, hour ;  
I never know how long my mood will last  
Until the broken thread has left my hand.  
Tell them he now is my Scheherazade ;

But long before a thousand and one nights  
I shall have tired of him, as of all else.  
Then will I once more place him on the road  
For law and him to make a race of it  
Just as I found him.

DUKE.                                 Would, sire, that you could.  
His madness is an honourable madness  
And challenges respect. Your ordering  
All things to fit his frenzy, fix his fault,  
Hath made his madness strike a deeper root  
And spread a darker shade.

DUKE.                                 Tush, tush, the Duchess.

*(Enter DUCHESS with some ladies and pages.)*

DUCH. I bring thee tidings of a half-born jest.  
Why frowns Don Miguel? I do believe  
The reason why our Spanish kings are sad  
Is that a chancellor witnesses their birth.  
Thy duty keeps thee not, the jest I bear;  
Is not my first-born, so needs not thy presence.

DON M. I would it were either your first or last.

*(Exit.)*

DUKE. What new adventure have you for the Don?

DUCH. Nay, none for him. I leave him to the care  
Of the ecclesiastic, who is now  
Striding his study, bitterly rehearsing  
Against our knight. Poor Pedro can no more  
Leave the knight unmolested than canst thou *(to ROD.)*  
Leave Sancho Panza.

ROD.                                 I've no word with him,  
But at your Grace's bidding; lousy lout.

DUCH. What way is this to speak of Sancho Panza,  
Lord Governor of the Isle of Barataria?

DUKE. Isle? Barataria? I know it not.

DUCH. Not the old castle scarce a league from hence?  
That is its capital. As for the name,  
I christened it with water from the river  
Which islands it. Thither let us send Sancho  
In a closed coach, out-riders all around  
To block his peepings—by a winding route,  
With here a bridge and there a splash through water.  
See to it, quick; he comes—nay he hath found  
An egg beneath the walnut.

DUKE. Tell you him  
His fortune, while I tie the jest the firmer.

*(Exit.)*

*(SANCHO enters, there is egg on his beard, and he is looking about for another egg. The DUCHESS is now seated.)*

SAN. *(To himself.)* When one's by another's nigh.

*(Sees DUCHESS and bows.)*

DUCH. Where hast thou been all this long morning?

SAN. With my master, your grandeur.

DUCH. Thou couldst not be with one more wise. But  
give Sancho a seat, Donna Rodriguez.

*(DONNA RODRIGUEZ, with a sniff, selects a very low seat, on which SANCHO squats at the DUCHESS'S feet.)*

But why dost thou scratch thy head?

SAN. His worship may be the wisest of men, but "there's  
a grey hair in every cow." Your grandeur must know that  
I was once tossed in a blanket.

DUCH. Oh! so thou hast cut capers in the air.

SAN. I cut no capers in the air; in the blanket I own I  
did, and not much to my liking. Now my master will have  
it that my tossers were enchanted Moors, whereas, as I can  
vouch, it fell out in the ordinary way, for the rascals called  
one another by their Christian names, and one of them was  
left-handed.

DUCH. That is but a small variance, and when thou art a Governor——

SAN. Eh ! but on that head might I beg your grandeur to speak with my master? For he sometimes speaks as if he would turn an archbishop-errant. Now, I am unfit for the church. I can neither read nor write, and for me to be going about to procure dispensations for holding a church living, having as I have a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work.

DUCH. Have no fear, good Sancho. Thou shalt have nothing less than the governorship of an island.

SAN. (*Rising.*) I thank your grandeur. But I pray your grandeur to let me go and see to the feeding of Dapple.

DUCH. Nay, I have matter of great moment with thee.

SAN. I wish, then, Madam Rodriguez, you would be so good as to go and see that Dapple has her food.

ROD. I !—I go !

SAN. Ay, and stay with her while she eats it, for the poor thing is a little timorous and cannot abide to eat alone.

ROD. Look then after thy beast thyself. The Duennas of this house are not wont——

SAN. Now, now? When Launcelot came from Britain, ladies took care of his person and Duennas of his horse, and I wouldn't swop my ass for Sir Launcelot's steed.

ROD. Take thy jests to another market. A fig say I for thy whole budget.

SAN. Humph ! your fig will be a ripe one—if sixty's the game, you will not lose it for the want of a trick.

ROD. Thou beast—whether I am old or not——

DUCH. Peace, both. See thou to Dapple. (*Exit DUENNA.*) And, Sancho, since thou hast perchance misread Donna Rodriguez' years, kiss her hand as a sign of contrition.



ROD. He shall not, the garlic-eating ruffian. (*Exit.*)

DUCH. Donna Rodriguez!

SAN. I pray your grandeur let the matter rest. The more you stir it the more it will stink. (*Sits again.*) I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talks like any goldfinch, say that no good ever comes of meddling with Duennas. Now if all Duennas be rude and cross-grained, what must they be who are come in the doldrums?

DUCH. I have to tell thee, Sancho, that even now the Duke intends to appoint thee governor of the island of Barataria.

SAN. Then before Heaven shall Tereza Panza loll her fat sides in a coach. I thank your grandeur. And little Sanchica shall be a lady and let come of it what may; I thank your grandeur, I shall do well enough. When I am in my robes all shining with gold and pearls, I am of opinion folk will come a hundred leagues to see me.

DUCH. Thou wilt make a goodly appearance, Sancho. Still thou must trim thy beard a little oftener.

SAN. It is but taking a barber into the house and paying him a salary. I haven't thought over it for two months without getting an inkling of the business. "When the heifer is offered, be ready with the halter." "Buy your comb before your head itches." Ay, and "a leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a bishop." I can tell your grandeur you are putting the drum into the hands of one who can rattle it.

DUCH. I doubt it not. Come, ladies, we must to the Duke. (*Going.*)

SAN. Your grandeur, I trust this is not one of those distant islands where my subjects will be black.

DUCH. Nay, it is but a few leagues hence. Come, ladies.

(*All exeunt except SANCHO.*)

SAN. Fool that I was to wish my subjects Christians. What care I how black they are? What had I to do but to ship them off to Spain where they could be sold as slaves for ready money? Have I not brain enough to manage matters and sell ten or twenty thousand of them in the turn of a hand? Brute-beast, and fool that I am!  
*(Tears his hair and stamps about stage.)*

*(Enter QUIXANO; he wears his old clothes, save for a handsome cloak; wears a sword, but is otherwise unarmed.)*

QUIX. Now, now, Sancho? When I come to congratulate thee, do I find thee thus? Thank Heaven, Sancho, that even before fortune hath crowned my hopes, while I am still on the road to advancement, prosperity hath gone forth to meet thee. And next, after thanking heaven, acknowledge the grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry which so exalteth the humble

SAN. Ay, posterity hath come forth to meet me.

QUIX. "Prosperity" thou shouldest say.

SAN. I have once or twice besought your worship not to mend my words when you know my meaning, and when you do not say "Sancho or Devil, I understand thee not," and then if I do not explain myself you may correct me, for I am so focile.

QUIX. I do not understand thee now, Sancho, for I know not the meaning of "focile."

SAN. So "focile" means that I am so much so.

QUIX. I understand thee still less now.

SAN. Well, I have no more, so Heaven help me.

QUIX. Ah! now I have it; thou meanest "docile."

SAN. I will wager you took me from the first, only you had a mind to puzzle me that you might hear some more of my blunders.

QUIX. Thou mayest be right there. But as to thy governance, if thou wilt still listen to my words——

SAN. That will I, master. I will observe your minutest destructions.

QUIX. (*After eyeing SAN. a moment, and deciding not to correct the last word.*) First, then, fear God ; His fear is wisdom, and being wise, thou canst not err. Next, study to know thyself ; hide not thy faults from thyself, nor the meanness of thine origin from others, and they, seeing that thou art not ashamed, will not strive to make thee so. If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is well that governors should not be long separated from their families), instruct her, for a foolish wife will lose more than the wisest husband can gain. If, which is possible, thou art left a widower, and desire a second wife, seek not a friar's hood, nor an angling rod, remembering that for every bribe the wife receives on earth the governor must, in the day of judgment, account fourfold. When thou sittest in judgment, if thy friend be suitor, forget thy friendship, thy foe, thine enmity ; if a beautiful woman, her beauty. Lean to compassion rather than severity, and if perchance the scales of justice be unevenly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold. Speak deliberately, yet not as listening to thyself. Do not intermix thy discourse with such a multitude of proverbs, for thou oftentimes draggest them in by the head and shoulders, so that they seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom.

SAN. Heaven alone can remedy that, for I have more than a handful of them, and they crowd my mouth so, that no wonder if they sometimes come out haphazard and not very pat to the purpose. But I will take heed to speak none but befit the occasion, for "in a plentiful house supper is soon served" ; "he that cuts does not deal" ; "with the repique in hand, what's the loss of a trick" ; and——

QUIX. Out with them, Sancho, out with them ! “ The more my mother whips me the more I cry.” While I am warning thee against the prodigal use of proverbs, thou pourest out on me a whole litany of them as fitting to the occasion as “ Hey derry, derry.” I had other precepts for thee, but thou hast put them out of my head with thy proverbs. But I will soon visit thee and tell thee all my mind.

SAN. I would your worship would put them in writing. I shall not easily forget what you have said about my marrying again and my proverbs, but for your other quirks and quilllets, they are as clean gone out of my head as last year’s clouds. Write them I pray you, and I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat them and drive them into me in time of need.

QUIX. How scurvy it looks in a governor to be unable to read or write !

SAN. Oh, as to writing, I can feign a lameness in my right hand. For “ there’s a remedy for everything but death,” and “ he who holds the staff can do as he pleases.” “ Let the clown daub himself with honey, and he shall not want for flies.” Besides, your worship knows, “ He whose father is mayor,” and, as my granddam said, “ That house is savoury which—— ”

QUIX. Proverbs again ! Heaven confound thee and thy proverbs. They will bring thee to the gallows, they will provoke thy people to rebellion.

SAN. Look you, sir. If your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it henceforth. For I have more regard for one nail’s breadth of my soul than for my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onions as Governor Sancho upon capon and partridges. And if you fancy that should I be a governor, the Devil

will have me, in God's name let me rather go plain Sancho to heaven than a governor to the other place.

QUIX. By the four Evangelists, Sancho, for those last words of thine I think thou deservest to be a governor of a thousand islands.

*(Enter DUCHESS with ALTISIDORA and other ladies, but no DUENNAS.)*

DUCH. Lord Governor, they who will conduct thee to thine island are without.

SAN. I thank your grandeur. Farewell!

QUIX. Farewell, friend Sancho! I will come to thee ere long. Meanwhile Heaven prosper thee in all thy doings.

SAN. *(Kneeling, and kissing QUIXANO'S hand.)* Farewell. Come soon. Farewell, master.

QUIX. Nay, friend. Farewell.

*(Exit SANCHO. Both he and QUIXANO are affected.)*

I thank your Grace for thus rewarding one  
Who in the dusky lanthorn of his body  
Bears a pure shining soul.

*(Conducts her with much formality to throne.)*

DUCH. Pray, sit thee here.

QUIX. Not at your Grace's side, 'tis for the Duke.

DUCH. Altisidora, place the knight a seat.

Nay, not that stool, for there his squire hath sat.

QUIX. Not squire, but governor; were he still squire, I'd ask no higher.

*(ALTISIDORA places the stool for him, and as he is stiffly getting down to it pulls it away with her foot so that he falls. The ladies rush forward, help him up, and brush him with their lace handkerchiefs.)*

DUCH. Poor knight, I could shed tears  
For thy mischance.

QUIX. No one has need of pity

Who stands within the presence of your grace.

I thank you all. (*Sighs.*) And so farewell to Sancho.

DUCH. Though he be gone, thou shalt not lack attendants.

QUIX. Your Grace will let me wait upon myself  
Within my own apartment.

DUCH. Nay, not so.

QUIX. I thank your Grace, but I would rather sleep  
As now I walk, than others should undress me.

DUCH. Four of my damsels, beautiful as roses  
Shall tend thy chamber. Who will undertake?

SEVERAL LADIES. I will.

QUIX. (*Breaking from them.*) Away. Roses you are in  
truth,  
But yet to me would prove soul-tearing thorns,  
Oh! help me, Dulcinea. For I have  
Passions imprisoned, vices under vows.

DUCH. It shall be as thou wilt. Not e'en a fly  
Of our poor sex shall enter thy apartments.  
But as to thy fair mistress, hast thou heard  
Some here confess a doubt?

QUIX. (*Half drawing sword and looking round.*) A doubt!  
Some here!  
All ladies! jealousy! Yet she who doubts  
May find a knight to cross his sword with mine  
And learn her beauty and her chastity.  
Which of you doubt, and what?

DUCH. 'Tis her existence  
I hear is called in question.

QUIX. (*Re-sheathing his sword and wearing a puzzled look.*)  
Her existence.

DUCH. Whether she be of flesh and blood or air?  
Or cradle has, or home, but in thy brain,

Or graces, save the clothings of thy fancy.

QUIX. As to her graces, I will pledge my soul,  
Swear by this hilt, maintain them by this blade.

But her existence ! 'Tis a subtler point  
Whereon much might be said. 'Tis not a thing  
To be inquired into, nor put to proof.

DUCH. Though she be not, still is she fair and chaste ?

QUIX. As fair as is the lily of the field,  
And chaste as fair, and sweet as she is chaste ;  
All winds are west if they but bear her voice,  
All eyes are dim, all ears but underlings,  
All hearts dull looms weaving an idle life  
Till she takes office. I see her walk in white  
Amid a stainless throng, the most part children.  
And if there be one spot upon her robe  
'Tis on the hem, from contact with our earth.

DUCH. Brave knight, I think thy lady doth exist.

QUIX. It may be so, but what is that to thee ?

ALT. There is no lady but would wish to know  
If other lady lived more fair than she.

QUIX. And there are some who handle jealousies,  
But not the knight or poet. Dost thou ask whether  
Our queens of song, our virgins crowned with verse,  
Our Phyllises, Dianas, Galateas,  
Our Amaryllises had real existence ?  
The truth or dream is for the poet's self,  
The poem is for thee. And if my life  
Scans well, if I be valiant in battle,  
Patient in suffering, and compassionate  
To the downtrodden, chaste amid temptation,  
It is enough for thee.

DUCH. Thou hast well said.  
But see the Duke approaches with a haste

In him betokening wrath.

*(Enter the DUKE in anger and the ECCLESIASTIC.)*

DUKE. *(To QUIX.)* Signor, come hither.

DUCH. *(To QUIX.)* His Grace would speak with thee.

QUIX. With me?

DUKE. Ay, signor.

QUIX. I am a knight, and merit knight's address.

DUKE. Whate'er thou art, thou hast done grievous harm  
To many of my lieges, who now come  
Voiced against thee and browed against myself,  
All clamouring for redress.

QUIX. If any man  
Accuse me, let him meet me face to face,  
And I, if I have chanced to do him wrong,  
Will own my error and atone for it.

DUKE. *(To ECCLES.)* Go bring them hither.

*(Exit ECCLESIASTIC.)*

DUCH. *(To QUIXANO.)* I do fear for thee.

QUIX. Quit you of fear, for I have done no wrong.  
I think the message marred in the transmission—  
That these have suffered ill at other hands  
And seek redress at mine.

DUKE. Come there as well  
Officers of the Holy Brotherhood?  
The king's police. This wretched madman's pranks  
May breed division 'twixt the king and me.

*(Enter ECCLESIASTIC, ushering in a troop of the Holy Brotherhood, followed by a motley assemblage of crippled persons, including silk merchants, Benedictine monks, warders of convicts, shepherds, a puppet showman with a box of puppets, and others.)*

DUKE. Now, sir, thou seest these men?

QUIX. I do, your Grace.



DUKE. There are thy victims.

QUIX. Victims! nay, your Grace  
Means poor folk I have rescued.

DUKE. Rescued! Wronged!  
Crippled, maimed, ruined.

CROWD. Ay.

QUIX. They are not that.  
I have not couched my lance nor drawn my sword  
Beneath my equal. If these men be knights,  
Or dwarfs, or giants, dragons or hobgoblins,  
Their shape is now enchantment or disguise.

DUKE. Read, officer, thy warrant.

*(Officer of the Brotherhood steps forward, and pulls out a scroll, which he reads with difficulty. After each of its statements he glances at QUIX. to see if he answers to it.)*

OFF. 'Tis for one  
Who calls himself Don Quickshot.

QUIX. If thou meanest  
Don Quixote, I am he.

CROWD. Ay, that's the man.

QUIX. But now Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

OFF. My warrant says Don Quixote.

QUIX. Pardon me,  
But of what place? I have forgotten it,  
And fain would know.

OFF. It gives no place. "Old, tall,  
Hair thin, and scanty beard, both streaked with grey,  
Lacks half a dozen teeth."

QUIX. But half a dozen!  
I' faith an ancient writ or incorrect.

What is its date, sir?

OFF. Just a month ago.

QUIX. A month! perchance the score stood then as  
there—

I have lost others since. But pray proceed.

OFF. "Of meagre visage, wizened, lanthorn-jawed,  
(*Dropping his voice*) Gaunt, scraggy, lanky."

QUIX. Nay, sink not thy voice,  
There are here many ladies of this Court  
Who, could they see me as thou paintest me,  
Would sleep the sounder and more restfully.

OFF. On his left shoulder blade a long-haired mole.

QUIX. God grant it be so, 'tis a sign of valour (*feels for it.*)

OFF. "He wears old armour, rusty, ill-assorted,  
A battered barber's basin on his head,  
And rides a steed as starveling as himself."

QUIX. (*Still feeling.*) And long-haired too, though how  
they came to know it,—  
Ay, here it is. I thank thee.

DUKE. Give no thanks,  
But answer to the warrant.

QUIX. Plead to that!  
I am not one who hangs before a glass,  
But still I know a jest.

DUKE. This is no jest,

QUIX. If it be not, your Grace well knows my answer.  
Have we so oft discoursed of chivalry  
And you professed yourself precise therein,  
Now to forget knights-errant are exempt  
From legal process, criminal or civil?

DUKE. (*To ECCLES.*) Pedro, speak thou for me, I do  
not wish  
To be drawn into argument with him  
Before my lieges.

QUIX. Not one but a blockhead  
Would draft such warrant. When did a knight-errant.

Ever pay custom, quit-rent, subsidy ?  
What tailor ever sued him for his clothes ?

(*To crowd.*)

You knights, though evil, will depose to that.

ECCL. A fine appeal to those whom thou hast injured.

QUIX. I have not injured thee ; I pray thee peace.

Let him I have, stand forth.

SILK M. That same will I.

Thou fellest on me and other silk merchants  
And beat us sore, some still are in their beds,  
And I the best a cripple.

QUIX. With what reason ?

I know thee not in this disguise or spell.

Come, truthfully, the reason ?

SILK M. I know none

Save that we would not call some lady peerless,  
Whom we had never seen.

QUIX. Ay, there we have it.

Had you seen her wherein had lain your merit,  
Acknowledging the manifest ?

ECCL. Enough.

Who else accuses ?

PUPPET SHOWMAN. (*Bringing a box forward.*) This  
gentleman, I call him gentleman

Because he took the best seats at my show—  
It's puppets, sir, and at the fight between  
The Christians and Moors—the best in Spain,  
Without a word, he springs upon the stage  
And lays about him thus.

(*Holds up damaged puppets of Moors.*)

ECCL. What sayest thou to this ?

QUIX. What I have said

About enchantment I repeat again.

These were not puppets once, but flesh and blood.  
I joined the battle, saved the Christian cause.  
Hold up my dead!

*(Puppet man holds up puppets.)*

Mark you, they are all Moors.

But do I see a Benedictine monk?

MONK. Ay, one of six whom thou assaultedst.

QUIX.

Nay!

I mind not that. (*To DUKE.*) Perchance your Grace  
can fit

One of my deeds to this? (*To MONK.*) What led me to it?

MONK. I know not what led thee. I only know  
I needed leading after it. But Friar John,  
Whom thou struck'st from his jennet, suffered most,  
Being half run over by a passing coach.

QUIX. A passing coach! Your Grace, it was no doubt  
The coach in which these knaves were carrying off  
That sweet princess.

MONK. We know not who she was,  
Nor whence she came, nor whither she has gone.

QUIX. The last I can believe, for I assured it.

ECCL. Your Grace will mark the cloth is no protection.

QUIX. The cloth they wear to-day deceives my mind  
As little as their steel then stayed my lance.  
Who else?

WARDER. As I and other warders took  
Some convicts to the galleys, he attacked us,  
Disabled us, and then set free our slaves,  
Who, now at large, are once more to the province,  
A roving terror.

ECCL. (*Sneeringly.*) Is this more enchantment?

QUIX. Enchantment none, but perfect chivalry.  
Here was a bead-roll of unhappy wretches——

ECCL. A gang of murderers.

QUIX. Sir, my profession,  
Traditioned by the master we both serve,  
Bids us regard the sufferings, not the crime.

ECCL. It bids thee not commit crimes. It were better  
That thou hadst spent thy dotage at thy home,  
With wife and family, than range abroad,  
Sucking the wind, soliciting derision,  
Your mind a rabble rout of Dulcineas,  
Giants and caitiffs, sorceries and broils.  
Who put it in thy head thou wert knight-errant  
Or ever such there were?

QUIX. The place and presence  
Wherein I stand, as well as the respect  
I ever entertained for thy profession,  
Check my just indignation. For these reasons,  
And since I know, as all the world doth know,  
A gownsman's only weapon is—a woman's—  
The tongue—I'll close with thee in equal combat  
At thine own weapon. First, then, who art thou  
To sit in judgment on knight-errantry?  
A pedagogue, pedantic hanger on,  
Homeless thyself and haunting others' houses,  
Stirring not hence beyond the next meal's smell,  
Yet unlearnt in court manners, to call mad  
One whom thy lord hath honoured. Thou deniest  
Knights-errant e'er existed. Then how comes it  
Their lives find record in a hundred books,  
Printed by license of the Privy Council,  
And imprimated by both king and pope?  
"If past, knights are not now." There stand a score  
Of evil knights, and one true knight is here.  
Thus for thy knowledge; now for that sane reason

Which finds me mad. *Ex uno disce omnes,*  
 Thou counsellest me to live with wife and children,  
 Yet ascertain not first if such I have.  
 So much for thee, thou frothy pedagogue.  
 For *me*, I am a knight ; a knight will die,  
 If it be Heaven's good will.  
 Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition,  
 Others the paths of servile flattery,  
 Others hypocrisy's deceitful byways,  
 And some few true religion. For myself,  
 Directed by the star that rules my fate,  
 I thread the narrow pass of chivalry,  
 Despising wealth, but thirsting after honour.  
 I am enamoured, since it must be so  
 (Albeit unconscious of lascivious passion),  
 Wrongs have I righted, grievances redressed,  
 Raised the forlorn, cast down the insolent,  
 Triumphed o'er giants, trampled on hobgoblins.  
 And thou (*to ECCL.*), my brother, shouldst in all these deeds  
 See that religion which we both profess.  
 Destroying giants, we must make destruction  
 Of pride and arrogance ; sloth, gluttony,  
 By temperance and unceasing vigilance,  
 Wrath, by a spirit humble and serene,  
 Licentiousness by chastity, inviolable  
 Fidelity to her who rules our heart,  
 Our sovereign mistress. Lastly, indolence  
 By traversing the world and seeking out  
 Each honourable opportunity  
 To gain renown as knights and Christians.  
 There are my vows, and all, save one, are thine,  
 And I will keep them. Too long have I dallied  
 'Mid sweets and cushions. I will rust no more,

But to my work again. (*Drawing sword.*) Stand back,  
stand back.

(*His ecstasy brings back his illusions, and he sees the crowd  
as armed men.*)

See you how these have cast their robes away  
And stand in armour?—half the marks are mine.  
See how they shrink as they have shrunk before—  
I too will arm. Stand back, and let me pass.

(*Exit, the crowd drawing back as he brandishes his sword.*)

ECCL. I pray your grace command the officer  
To carry him to prison.

DUKE. Ay, to prison!

MONK. How will his prisoning set my brother's bones  
Or cure my wounding?

OTHERS. Ay, or mine? or mine?

PUPPET S. Or mend my puppets? if it come to that.  
How can I show the Christians fighting Moors  
When all my Moors are broke? I'll start a show  
Where madmen shall break poor folk at their whim,  
And yet find place at court.

OTHERS. Ay, shame it is.

DUCH. His Grace the Duke would have me speak with  
you.

You look upon our harbouring of this man  
As hostile to you, since he injured you.  
Yet is it so? Since he hath been our guest  
Whom hath he injured? It is now two weeks  
Since he came hither. Be there one of you  
Who in that time hath suffered at his hands,  
Let him stand forth. None! in our entertainment  
Hath lain your safety.

CROWD. Ay, true, that is so.

DUCH. That you have suffered sorely is our dole,

But not our deed. Still to you, each and all,  
Will we make compensation. One all trust,  
Our Chancellor, shall assess it. How say you?  
Are you all satisfied?

CROWD. Ay, ay, that's fair.

WARDER. This captures not my convicts.

DUCH. Nay, what would?  
Come hither, officer. Thou hast seen the man,  
And see that he is mad, and, if arrested,  
Must be released. Besides, misread thy warrant,  
And thou shalt be remembered. Now, good folk,  
You must be footsore, and in thirst and hunger.  
Repair you to the castle, there refresh.  
Ere you are rested I shall have devised  
Some further entertainment that your journey  
May have a merry ending.

ONE OF THE CROWD. Cheer the Duchess!

CROWD. Hurray! hurray!

DUCH. Nay, rather cheer the Duke,  
Whose tongue I only am.

CROWD. Hurray! hurray!

*(Exeunt.)*

DUCH. How easy are they turned to loyalty!  
Say, have I not done well?

DUKE. Ay, for the moment,  
But he goes forth again to make fresh trouble.  
He must to prison ere I shall feel easy.  
What ho, there, guards, seize him on his return.

*(Enter PAGE.)*

PAGE. Your grace.

DUKE. What is it, boy?

PAGE. There waits without  
A maid, who says she is Don Quixote's niece,



And craves an audience.

DUKE.                                 Rather would I have  
Another band of claimants here than one  
Who claims to be his kindred.

DUCH.                                 Stay, Fernando ;  
Now better 'tis if she can lead him hence  
Without disturbance, violence, or scandal.  
Let her make trial of it.

DUKE.                                 Go, bring her hither.  
*(Exit PAGE.)*

DUCH. I do remember when he first came here  
He often spake of her, but not of late.  
*(Re-enter PAGE, ushering in ANTONIA.)*

DUKE. Thou art this madman's niece.

ANT.                                 I am his niece,  
As had God pleased to visit me not him,  
He still had been mine uncle.

DUCH.                                 Wilt thou try  
To lead him home that he may live in peace ?

ANT. Madam, 'tis all my hope. Of old, nay, since  
This shadow fell on him, he at my voice  
Would close his book and cast his thoughts aside,  
And I could lead him back to his true self.  
And now that he hath found a friend in thee,  
And met with gentle treatment——

DUKE.                                 See, he comes !  
If thou dost fail, others must take him hence  
To harsher usage.

DUCH.                                 Heaven prosper thee !  
Let us retire ; they best had meet alone.

*(All retire to sides and up, save ANTONIA. QUIXANO enters  
armed, his sword drawn ; he looks about for crowd.)*

QUIX. Come, Moors, abducters, recreants, every one.

All fled! Ah, cowards! Fair lady, didst thou mark  
Their line of flight, that I may give them chase?

*(She not replying, he looks at her more closely and sees her  
state.)*

Nay, thou art troubled; in thine eyes I read  
Unfathomable wrongs. *(Sheathes his sword.)* Their chastise-  
ment

Shall wait on thy redress.

ANT. Dost thou not know me?

QUIX. How should I, lady? I am no enchanter  
But a poor knight—thy knight, if so thou wilt.  
Tell me thy tale; I know it is a sad one,  
But yet not past my mending. Courage! Courage!  
Tears? Why weep on, when thou hast found thy knight?

ANT. Dost thou not know me?

QUIX. Ay, I think I do.  
The princess of the carriage, whom I rescued?  
Forgive me, but I have avenged so many.

*(She seeing the hopelessness of it, sinks down sobbing by his  
feet.)*

Nay, nay; thou must not kneel. Rise, gentle lady,  
And tell me who thou art.

ANT. Antonia.

QUIX. Antonia! 'Tis a name I ever loved;  
And had I chanced to wed and have a daughter,  
I might have named her so. But come, who wrongs  
thee?

Tell me his name, or, if he be a knight  
And any spell forbids its utterance,  
His arms, addition, knight of this or that,  
As I am "of the Rueful Countenance."  
Speak that I may restore thee to thy throne.

ANT. I have no throne.

QUIX. No throne, then to thy love.

ANT. Look in my face ; my love is all for thee.

QUIX. What, dost thou too love me ?

ANT. Oh yes, yes, yes.

*(Kissing his hands.)*

QUIX. And this is all thy woe. I pity thee.

Oh ! luckless maid, to love where love is lost !

And luckless me, cursed with I know not what

Which makes all maids from fourteen years and upwards

To love me at the sight !

ANT. Oh ! look again.

Forget me as thou mayest, but look again.

And say thou lovest me now !

QUIX. It cannot be

I am not harsh ; God knows thou hast my pity ;

But crush this love, or it may wreck thy life.

Make no delay, forget me while thou mayest.

I will pray heaven, and do thou the like,

For thy oblivion.

ANT. Oh ! pray not so.

But look again. Antonia ! Antonia !

Who once was all to thee, Antonia,

Antonia, thy sister's only child,

Who filled the kingcups. Oh see, see, see, see,

And say thou lovest me still.

QUIX. I pray thee rise ;

Thou must not cling to me with this in issue.

*(Gently detaches her.)*

I love thee not, and never loved I thee ;

I pray thee leave it so. I see thee fair,

And all thy graces modest ; be thy deeds

As modest as thy mien. To love is modest,

But modest love, finding itself nonsuited,

Prosecutes no appeal, nor to itself  
E'en whispers lest within the vacant heart  
It stirs an echo. Thus to persevere  
Is wantonness.

ANT. (*Seeing the Duke coming forward with guards.*)

Oh me, how can I save him?  
Thou art in danger; let me lead thee hence.

QUIX. I am in danger when so fair a face  
Supports so foul a purpose. For Delilah  
Was not more fair than thou, and I might fall  
As Samson did were it not that my soul  
Is in a keeping none can violate,  
The Lady Dulcinea's.

ANT. Oh! Think no more  
Of her; cast her aside and come with me.

QUIX. Peace—peace thou—When that I hear thee  
speak thus,  
I doubt to call thee by a human name;  
So fair and foul savours of sorcery.  
And if thou be, as now I half suspect,  
No woman, but a spirit in woman's shape,  
Made and set on by enchanters to seduce  
Me from my vows, and so to wreck my knighthood,  
Then comest not in the immunity of women  
And I should strike thee dead. Begone, begone,  
And come no more within my sight, lest I  
Misread thy nature, or thou by thy presence  
Drive me to madness.

DUCH. (*Coming forward.*) Lady, come with me. (*Leads  
her to the throne.*)  
Sit here beside me; rest thy head there, so.

QUIX. Whate'er she be, I thank thee, Dulcinea. (*Kneels  
and prays to hilt.*)

DUKE. (*Aside to guards.*) Seize him upon his rising,  
bear him hence.

(*Enter DON MIGUEL with NICHOLAS—the latter is armed  
as a knight, his visor down.*)

What's this, Don Miguel, another madman?

DON M. Nay, but the madman's friend and would-be  
cure.

He hath a scheme which, setting as it doth  
The madness 'gainst itself, I recommend  
And pray you give it trial.

DUKE. Doth he know

The danger of the combat?

DON M. I have warned him

That madmen's swords are ever triple-edged.

He knows but takes the danger.

DUKE. See, he rises,

Do as thou wilt.

QUIX. (*Rising.*) And now back to the road.

But who comes here?

NICH. A knight,

QUIX. As friend or foe?

NICH. As friend or foe according as thy word

Places my mistress over or below

Thy lady Dulcinea.

QUIX. Sir, thou art curt,

As curt shall be my answer. See, my sword

Waits thine. But first, I pray thee, raise the visor

And let me see thy face.

NICH. Thou shalt hereafter.

QUIX. So be it. Let me see thy sword.

NICH. The terms:

If thou dost vanquish me, I make a transfer

To thee of all the fame of my exploits.

QUIX. I will not have them, knowing not their worth.  
Come, sir, thy sword.

NICH. If I do vanquish thee,  
I may put on thee any such condition  
As hath fair precedent in chivalry.

QUIX. That needs not words. I pray thee sheathe thy  
tongue  
And draw thy sword. Be with me, Dulcinea.

*(They engage. It is the clash of the steel which first attracts the attention of the DUCHESS and ANTONIA to what is going on. QUIX. wounds NICHOLAS.)*

QUIX. Ay, have it, have it. There went Dulcinea.

*(They re-engage. In the end QUIXANO falls disarmed.)*

NICH. Now art thou vanquished.

QUIX. *(Raising himself on his hands.)* Ay, still Dulcinea

Is of all women the most beautiful,  
I of all knights the most unfortunate  
In failing to maintain it. But no weakness  
Of mine can mar the truth. Knight, plunge thy sword  
And take away my life, since it has lost  
What only made its worth.

NICH. Not so, brave knight ;  
All I demand of thee is to abstain  
One year from errantry.

QUIX. Promised I that ?

NICH. Thou promisedst to keep to any term  
Imposed by precedent.

QUIX. I do remember,  
'Twas so Don Galaor dealt with Palmerin. *(Rises.)*  
A cruel sentence. Sir, I had not laid  
The like on thee. Pray, some one, lead me hence.

*(ANTONIA comes forward ; he waves her aside.)*

Not thou, not thou ; I have not fallen so.

*(Exit alone, with an effort, followed by DON MIGUEL.)*

DUCH. *(To ANT.)* Follow him not ; his cure is not  
at once,

He shall return to his old self and thee ;

But thou must shun his sight until his mind

No longer mistranslates thee. Come with me.

ANT. And him ?

DUCH. I'll guard him.

ANT. Thanks the most for that.

DUCH. But see his victor faints, he falls. Quick, quick.  
Unlace his helmet.

*(NICHOLAS is lying, his head supported by GUARD, while one  
takes off his helmet.)*

ANT. Nicholas ! Nicholas ! *(She goes and kneels by  
him.)*

*(Curtain.)*

## ACT IV.

*Scene I.: A handsome antique hall in the old Castle. It contains a raised judgment seat and a table upon which servants are laying a grand banquet. The STEWARD, PHYSICIAN, and STUDENT are talking apart.*

STEW. Thou hast observed her Grace's instructions, good Mr. Student, and kept a record of all our Lord Governor's doings?

STUD. Ay, and of all his sufferings, and, in faith, her Grace knows not which to admire the more, the wisdom of his deeds, or his patience in tribulations.

PHY. Truly he is a hedgerow Solomon; but if his fortitude outlast to-day, he must needs be a Job.

*(Noise heard.)*

Hark! he comes, weary and hungry from his round of inspection. I trust the wenches are ready with their suds for his beard.

STUD. Remember that I came before thee. I have a grace to sing which shall prepare his soul for the banquet which thou, good Doctor Pedro, shalt, for the well-being of his body, deny him.

STEW. *(As noise is heard off.)* Quick, throw a white cloth over the viands, so that he feast not even his eyes.

*(The servants cover table with cloth.)*

And when I touch any dish with my wand—But he comes. Quick to your places.

*(Enters SANCHO. He wears a gorgeous coat. His beard is half lathered, he is spluttering, and under his chin is a*



*filthy dish-clout. He is followed by several kitchen wenches, one bearing a trough of foul water, another a dirty towel, another a bowl and brush.)*

SAN. So this is the way you treat your governor. I swear, by my seven wits, or five, or as many as I have, I will teach you better manners.

STEW. What is the matter, my lord?

WENCH. The Governor will not suffer himself to be washed according to our custom on festival days, though he must have seen the Duke and his master so treated every day.

SAN. Yes, I will, but I will have cleaner towels and suds. There's no such difference between a Duke and a Governor that he should be washed with angel water, and I with the Devil's slops.

STEW. My Lord Governor, it is the custom here.

SAN. The customs of countries are only good in so far as they are agreeable.

STEW. (*To WENCHES.*) Away; the custom pleaseth not his Lordship, and he is master of his own person, and may decide how filthy he will be.

SAN. No, no, let them go on with their sport, and see whether I will bear it or no. As for my beard's filth, let them bring hither a comb, an they will, and curry it. And if they find anything in it which should not be there, I will give them leave to shear me crosswise.

STEW. Withdraw.

*(Exeunt the WENCHES.)*

Your Lordship would dine?

SAN. Ay, that I would.

*(Takes off dish-cloth and throws it aside, having first wiped his beard with it. He sits at table. An attendant ties a handsome lace bib on him; during the tying SANCHO*

keeps lifting up the cloth and peeping at the viands. The PHYSICIAN takes up his position beside him. The servants then remove the cloth, and, placing a dish before SANCHO, uncover it. SANCHO seizes knife and fork, and prepares to attack it.)

STEW. The grace, my Lord.

(SANCHO drops knife and fork, and folds his hands reverently. The STUDENT sings the following legal maxims, with a pause after each. At each pause SANCHO crosses himself, says "Amen," and proceeds to attack the dish afresh, and as the next sentence begins drops his knife and fork and resumes a befitting attitude. His patience wears out by degrees.)

STUD. (Singing)—

"Ignorantia legis neminem excusat.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

Caveat emptor.

Ex nudo pacto, non oritur actio.

Actio personalis moritur cum persona.

Inter mercatores jus accrescendi non obtenit.

Sic tuo utere ut non alienum laedas.

Omnia contra spoliatorem presumuntur."

SAN. Look here, good Mr. Student. I am as thankful as God would, but it is not His will that His blessings should grow cold.

STUD. (Singing.) "Id certum est quod certum reddi potest." (Seeing SANCHO threatening, struts off.) "De niminis non curat lex."

SAN. Ah!

(Plunges vehemently into dish. The PHYSICIAN at once touches it with his wand, whereupon a servant carries it off. Another servant places another dish in front of SANCHO, who attacks it. The PHYSICIAN touches it, and it is removed. This is repeated several times.)

Is this dinner for my eating, or only that you may show off your sleight of hand?

PHY. My Lord Governor, I am a doctor of physic, and it is my duty to look after your health day and night, and above all, to watch your Lordship's food with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. Hence I ordered the first dish to be removed as being too watery, the second as being too cold and rich, the third as being too hot, the fourth as being over-seasoned, the fifth——

SAN. Well, well, those roasted partridges over there, they will do me no manner of harm.

PHY. Hold; my Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it.

SAN. Pray why not?

PHY. Because, as Hippocrates sayeth, "Omnia saturio malis, perdricis autem pessima." Therefore——(*Touches it; it is removed.*)

SAN. Oh! Then pray cast your eyes over all those dishes and see which will do me least harm, and let me eat of it without whisking it away with your conjuring stick, for I am dying of hunger, and, say what you will, to deny me food is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short.

PHY. Well, these stewed rabbits are too tough and acute. (*Touches them, etc.*). As also this. (*Touches it, etc.*) This veal indeed would do your lordship no harm were it boiled, but being roasted——(*Touches it.*)

SAN. What think you then of that huge dish smoking hot over there, which I take to be an olla podrida? Surely among the many things it contains I may light on something both toothsome and wholesome.

PHY. Absit, which means far be it. Simple foods, like

simple medicines, are safe, but in compounds all is hazard and uncertainty. (*Touches it, etc.*)

SAN. What is your name, and where have you studied?

PHY. Lord Governor, my name is Doctor Pedro de Aguero. I am a native of Tirtrafuera, lying between Caraguel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I took my doctor's degrees at the university of Ossuna.

SAN. Then hark you, Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Tirtrafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraguel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or by the light of Heaven I will take a cudgel and, beginning with you, will so belabour all the physic-mongers in the island that not one of the tribe shall be left—I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall honour as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, be gone! or I will take this chair I sit on and comb your hair to some tune, and if I am called to account when I give up my office I shall prove that I have done a good service in ridding the world of a bad physician who is a public executioner.

(*Exit* PHYSICIAN.)

Body of me! give me something to eat, for an office which will not find a man in victuals isn't worth two beans.

(*A horn is heard. STUDENT re-enters shortly, followed by a COURIER in agitation.*)

STUD. A courier from my Lord Duke.

COUR. Where is my Lord Governor or his secretary, since it is only into their hands I may deliver this packet?

SAN. Give it to Mr. Student here.

(*COURIER gives it to STUDENT, bows and retires.*)

Open the packet and see what it contains.

STUD. (*Standing apart with SANCHO.*) This is from my

Lord Duke. (*Reads*): "It has come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that there are those who have a design upon thy life."

SAN. Then the first thing I must do is to clap Doctor Rezio into a dungeon, for if anybody has a design to kill me it is he, and by the most lingering and worst of deaths—starvation.

STUD. (*Reading*.) "Keep a strict watch; be careful who are admitted to thee, and, above all, eat nothing sent thee as a present."

SAN. (*Stopping munching a roll which he has taken from the table*.) Eh?

STUD. Praised be heaven that your lordship has touched nothing on that table, for it was all presented by some nuns, and "the devil lurks behind the cross."

SAN. (*Throwing away crust*.) Away with all that. (*Takes off his bib and cleanses his mouth out with it*.) Bring me something that I may eat—a haunch of home-made bread and some four pounds of grapes—they cannot be poisoned.

(*The servants remove dishes and cloth; a PAGE enters*.)

And now, sir, as to that other despatch.

STUD. This is from her ladyship Teresa Panza.

SAN. And what does my wife say?

PAGE. Your Lordship, there are some without who would fain take your judgment on some cases of grave difficulty.

SAN. Is this a time for such matters? We who govern and judge, belike, are not of flesh and blood like other men, and have no need of rest and refreshment. But show them in, so they be not spies or any of my murderers.

(*Exit PAGE*.)

Stand by, Mr. Student, and as soon as we get a moment for private matters I will hear what her ladyship has to say. (*Ascends throne*.) If they would but give me fair play and

feed me well, they might rain cases and questions on me ever so thick—I could despatch them in a trice.

*(A crowd enters, from which a MAN steps forward.)*

What is it, good sir?

MAN. My lord, there is a certain bridge across the river, and it is the law that any one crossing it shall first declare his business in so crossing, and, if he swear falsely, shall be hanged on a gibbet that stands on the other side. Four judges who sit in a Court House by the bridge humbly seek your Lordship's opinion on an intricate and perplexing case. A man claims to cross, alleging that his only business is to be hanged on the said gibbet. Now the judges know not what to do, for in either case the law is violated. If they hang him, he has sworn truly and ought not to have been hanged; if they let him free, he has sworn falsely and ought to be hanged.

SAN. Harkee, honest man, either I have no brains or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live and pass over the bridge: for if the truth saves him, the lie condemns him. This being so, you may tell the gentlemen who sent you that since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely. Nor do I decide thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master Don Quixote, who told me, amongst other things, that when justice was doubtful I should lean to the side of mercy, and God has been pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it seems pat to the purpose.

*(The suitor bows and retires, and his place is taken by a very big man and a very small one).*

But who are these?

STOUT PEASANT. Your Lordship, I challenged this man to run a hundred yards——

SLIM P. At even weights, my Lord. I don't know what he weighs, but——

STOUT P. I weigh seventeen stone, and you weigh only eight, don't you? And that's a difference of nine stone, isn't it?

SLIM P. Yes, and I say, your worship——

STOUT P. (*Out-voicing other.*) And I say, your worship, that he must carry a weight of nine stone, and he refuses.

SAN. You challenged him, you say?

STOUT P. Ay, that I did.

SAN. Then you are in the wrong, sir. It is a fair custom, as none knows better than myself, who was for some time concerned with chivalry, that he who is challenged has choice of weapons. Therefore, my sentence is that you, Sir Heavyweight, who gave the challenge, shall cut, pare, and shave away nine stone of flesh from such parts of your body as best can spare it.

STOUT P. In that case the race will never come off.

SAN. I have an inkling of that myself.

STEW. And now let the business of the Court cease for the day.

(*The crowd press out.*)

SAN. Mr. Steward, now that Doctor Pedro Rezio is gone, may I not have something to eat, though it be but a few onions?

STEW. I will fetch your Lordship what I may.

(*Exit.*)

SAN. And now, Mr. Student, I would hear what my wife has to say.

STUD. (*Reads.*) "To my husband, Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me. When I received thy letter, dear husband of my soul, I vow and swear to thee as I am

a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad with joy. Who could think that a goat-herd should ever come to be a governor of islands? My mother used to say "he who would see much must live long." I say this because if I live longer I hope to see more. Thou hast fared better than thy master. It is some ten days since he returned to his house. He speaks not a word, neither does he seem to know where he is or who are about him. Some say he has fever, others that he is mad, but all say he will die. It is well that thou hast fixed thy fortunes before he fell. Sanchica makes bone lace, but now that she is a governor's daughter she does not need to work. I expect an answer to this, and about my coming to Court. Thy wife, Teresa Panza."

(*Enter STEWARD, followed by PHYSICIAN and others. STEW. offers SANCHO, who is lost in thought, a plate of onions.*)

STEW. Your worship may eat of these onions in safety.

SAN. Be so good, Mr. Steward, as to have them put in my wallet on Dapple. I must go a journey.

STEW. Journey? Whither, my Lord?

SAN. To my master. I have made up my mind to resign the governorship of this island.

STEW. Nay, my Lord.

(*Others also signify dissent.*)

SAN. Do not waste your breath, for I come of the race of Panzas, who are made of stubborn stuff, and if they cry "odds," odds it shall be, come what may. (*Taking off official robe and folding it.*) Besides, I was not born to be a governor,—to be master neither of my beard nor belly. I would not have another governorship were it served up to me in a covered dish. No, no, "every sheep to its like," and "stretch not your feet beyond the sheet." Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you—and Heaven prosper you.



STEW. Signor Governor, we would not presume to hinder your departure, but your lordship knows that every governor on leaving office is bound to render an account of his administration.

SAN. Nobody can require that of me but my Lord Duke, to whom I shall, if required, give a fair and square account, though in going away naked, there needs nothing more to show that I have governed like an angel. "Naked I was born, naked I am." "I neither win nor lose." I came to this Government without a penny, and without a penny I leave it. All governors cannot say the like.

*(Exit SANCHO, followed by the others.)*

*Scene II. : QUIXOTE'S vineyard, house at back. The vines are blighted, and everywhere are signs of neglect.*

ANTONIA *is finding with difficulty one or two bunches of grapes, which she puts into basket.*

ANT. None there, nor there. Ah, here a little bunch. They fall at touch.

*(NICHOLAS enters from house.)*

NICH.                                      Antonia.

ANT.    What news?

Oh, say he speaks, knows thee or shows some sense  
Of place or person.

NICH.    Dear Antonia,

That were too much, but this leads thither, listen.  
I put my basin to its proper use ;  
He started from his seat, stretched forth his hand,  
His eyes ablaze. I said, " My basin, sir."  
He gazed on me, yet, as he knew me not,  
His cheek did catch the flame his eye had lost  
As he sank back, his head upon his breast,

And thrice he sighed and nodded. A few more hours,  
And he shall see thee, dearest, as thou art.

ANT. God grant it, Nicholas. Thou dost truly think so?  
Do not in love make coins of my hopes  
For me to find dishonoured in the use.

NICH. I trust to-day shall see thee as of old.

ANT. Oh, that it be so. But I must within.

*(Exit into house. A horn is heard.)*

NICH. What is the Duke then hunting in these parts?  
Ah, here is Sancho, and with him Don Miguel.  
Sancho, perchance, whom he hath never lost,  
May help him back to reason.

*(Enter SANCHO and DON MIGUEL.)*

SAN. Ah! good master Nicholas, how fares my poor  
master?

NICH. To-day he is better, but knows no one.

SAN. His worship would know me. I pray you let me  
to him. My heart will break if I do not see him; but if I  
do, I will be as discreet and tender as a whole college of  
physicians.

NICH. Go in then. Speak little to him of anything, and  
nothing of chivalry. I think it were well, Sancho, if thou  
couldst persuade him to take the air.

SAN. Trust me, Master Nicholas, trust me.

*(Exit into house.)*

DON M. I do regret, sir, the poor gentleman  
Should come to this. If there be aught wherein  
I can relieve him—or the Duke, who now  
Repents the part he played in spoiling him,—  
Thou may'st command it.

NICH. I know nothing, sir.

DON M. If thou of aught bethink thee, let me have it.  
But for the nonce, dost thou know one called Palameque,

An inn-keeper, whose claims for loss of wine  
I would enquire into.

NICH. I know him well.

'Twas he by loans and converse—to what end  
I know not—fostered poor Quixano's madness.

DON M. I pray thee lead me to him. Claims he losses  
Which he hath by his own malpractices  
Brought on himself, the law shall deal with him.  
Pray, sir, the way.

*(Exit NICHOLAS followed by DON MIGUEL.)*

*(Enter from house QUIXANO leaning on SANCHO'S arm.)*

QUIX. Poor husbandry, Sancho, poor husbandry.  
Whose vines are these?

SAN. Does your worship ask whose they are?

QUIX. Mine? Belike they are, poor, blighted things.

SAN. Does your worship not know this place?

QUIX. Ay. Sancho, this must be my home. *(Sits.)*

SAN. Can your honour doubt it?

QUIX. No; but where is she—dead?

SAN. Does your honour mean the lady Dul——

QUIX. *(Checking him.)* Ah! My niece, Antonia.

*(ANTONIA has approached from house and throws herself at QUIXANO'S feet; there is immediate recognition, followed by a pause of embrace, during which SANCHO retires.)*

I lay in my room and it was strange to me. I saw my vines and thought they were another's, my home and knew it not, but I knew thee. I have been mad how long I do not know. It was summer—it is autumn. Oh! why didst thou not seek me?

ANT. I sought thee, dear one, but I found thee not.

QUIX. Would thou hadst found me. Sit thee by my  
side

Just as of old, thy hand in mine, if mine

Be not too hot—or cold. Let us not speak.  
When time is short, silence leaves least unsaid.

ANT. "When time is short," nay, uncle, speak not so ;  
Had it been two weeks past, or but a week,  
Or even yesterday, when thou wert ill,  
And knewest me not, but now that thou art well,  
Or getting well——

QUIX. I have o'ercharged my life  
Beyond redemption, and but wait for death  
To make foreclosure.

ANT. Death ! speak not of death ;  
Say that thou hast been mad, to-day thou art clear ;  
Ill yesterday, to-morrow shalt be strong ;  
I'll fetch a glass that thou mayest see thy face,  
And mark how many cares are gone therefrom.

QUIX. My life hath been of late, Antonia,  
Much overrun with cares, too deep of root  
For their removal, saving with the soil.  
This clearness of the mind, this spirit's calm  
Comes not of life but death, who often lends  
A light to lead us home. The clouds which mob  
And mock the sun all day, at his decline  
Oft stand aloof. God grants me a clear setting.

(*Enter PALAMEQUE.*)

PAL. Good sir, I joy to see thee thus restored.

ANT. Away, away ; this is no time for thee.

QUIX. Is it not Signor Palameque ? What would he ?

PAL. Speak with thee privately, if thy fair niece——

QUIX. Antonia, one moment. (*Kisses her ; she retires  
up.*)

Sir, I pray thee  
Be brief and simple, since my time is short,  
And weak my faculties.

PAL. First, I rejoice  
To see thee thus.

QUIX. I thank thee, but already  
Thou hast said as much. What more?

PAL. I'd have thee know  
I long have loved thy niece. Pray give her to me.

QUIX. She lies not in my gift.

PAL. If thou advise her  
To marry me——

QUIX. Thee? Signor Palameque?

PAL. Ay, and thy friend.

QUIX. Friend, let me think awhile. (*Pause.*)  
Answer me this: dost thou believe or not  
In chivalry?

PAL. Ay, truly.

QUIX. Be sure?

PAL. Sure;

Sir, thou hast sure forgotten all the aid  
I've given thee.

QUIX. Nay, I do not forget it.  
As to the matter of Antonia

I make no answer, save, which is enough,  
She shall wed none who holds so false a thing.  
I'll have it in my will. Antonia,  
Send for a notary.

(*ANTONIA, who has come at call, goes up to house.*)

PAL. Nay, quiet thee, friend;  
Speak to thy niece for me. I trust not chivalry,  
But thought thee ill and would not cross thy sickness.

QUIX. Are lies a sick man's food? that thou shouldst lie  
To gain her, her all truth? A notary!

PAL. Were it not well, ere executing wills,  
To feel thy fortunes? I had hoped, good sir,

To keep Antonia the home she loves,  
Which, as all else of thine, is charged to me  
Beyond its value. Think, sir, think again,  
Ere driving me to oust thee.

QUIX. (*Rising.*)                      Thus thy friendship.  
If I have nought to leave beside my niece,  
The better I'll bestow her.

(*By this time ANTONIA, and SANCHO who has come out of  
house, have drawn near.*)

Wed, Antonia,  
With one who thought me mad and dared to show it.  
As for thee, sir, thou mayest extend my home,  
But canst not touch my soul. The sight of thee  
Gives me fresh strength. If that I be a pauper,  
A pauper still has hands. See there! they tremble;  
A spade shall steady them. My eyes are dim,  
But yet have sight to seek an honest path.  
Ah! Sancho! once again must we set forth,  
No more with arms, but ploughshares. To the fields.  
The harvest is not done. Dost thou hear, Sancho?  
The fields, the fields, the fields. (*Falls back exhausted.*)

PAL. I will away, and to a notary,  
But not to make a will.

(*Noise heard.*)

What men are these?

(*Exit.*)

SAN. Have no fear, lady. While I can work neither his  
honour nor you shall ever want. "What's enough for four  
will serve two more." I will answer for Teresa Panza's  
welcome, and Dapple, who was always worth twenty-six  
marevadi a day, now that he has been a governor's ass will  
surely earn thirty.

QUIX. I am dying.

SAN. Sir, do not die, but take my advice, and live for many years. There is no greater folly than to give ourselves over to death without any good cause. Thou mayest no longer be a knight, but let us do as you have often spoken of doing—go into the fields, dressed like shepherds, you the shepherd Quixano, and I the shepherd Panzino, singing here and sighing there, and who shall say but that behind some bush or other we may find the lady Dulcinea as fine as heart can wish?

QUIX. There is no Dulcinea but such as here (*indicating*  
ANT.).

Antonia, rest thy head upon my heart.  
It beats alone for thee, and when it stops  
There is one more who prays for thee from heaven.  
Be near, oh, very near when I do pass.

(*Enter the DUKE, DON MIGUEL and NICHOLAS. Also*  
PALAMEQUE *in custody.*)

DUKE. (*To* GUARD.) Bring him no farther, lest he by  
his presence

Provoke Don Quixote. (*To* NICH.) Tell him I would speak.

DON M. There lies a man whose madness shamed our  
sense,

And kindred claimed with all our laughed-down best.

NICH. (*to* QUIXOTE). It is the Duke would speak with  
thee.

QUIX. The Duke?

DUKE. I come

To pray for thy forgiveness.

QUIX. My forgiveness?

I am a poor old man. May I be seated?

DUKE. Thou hast, Don Quixote——

QUIX. Sir, call me not so,

I am again Alonzo Quixano,

Just as of old, the same whom some did call  
"The Good" because his life was fair and blameless.

DUKE. Tell me if there be aught the wherewithal  
I can atone.

QUIX. Atone? I take thee not.  
Nor does it matter. There is nothing now  
That can befall me. I am as far past  
Being served as serving others. Yet if thou owest  
Me aught, I pray thee pay the debt to those  
Whom by my folly I have brought to nothing.

DUKE. I will do for them all that thou couldst wish.

QUIX. I thank thee, sir.

DUKE. But for thyself, let me  
Have thee transported to my palace, where  
Thou mayst find subtler medicine than here  
And easier resting. Pray, sir, come with me.

QUIX. I thank thee, sir, but I am better bid,  
And to a higher Court. (*He falls back, ANTONIA by him.*)

DON. M. (*To DUKE.*) See how in death  
As life he shows that error finely held  
Ennobles more than truth held slavishly.

QUIX. (*Wandering.*) It darkens on to rain; to-night the  
elves

Will lack no water. Come, bring me thy book.  
What tale is this—so sad—to need my mending? (*Dies.*)

Antonia does not at once see that he is dead. But looking  
wildly round, she sees the others doffing their caps,  
and falls sobbing on Quix.'s body as the curtain de-  
scends.

(*Curtain.*)









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